THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

MAY, 1809.

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Embellished with—I. An elegant Engraving of Horses Fighting.
II. The Lion, a slight Engraving.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our old friend A. B. is apprehensive his favours are laid on the shelf: we shall convince him to the contrary in our next Number.

Several Pieces of Poetry that we have lately received, are too incorrect for insertion.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

J. Ward R.A. Pinx^t

H.R. Cook sculp^t

Horses Fighting

Published Feby 28.1809. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY, 1809.

HORSES FIGHTING.

THIS Plate is from a painting by Mr. J. Ward, R. A. and engraved by Mr. H. R. Cook, of Upper Titchfield-street.

The subject is so admirably handled, and at the same time so well known, that it needs not any other illustration than that which the print itself conveys.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1809.

BEVERLEY	*June*	6
Ascot-Heath		7
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Bibury		19
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Stockbridge		29
Ipswich	*July*	4
Newmarket		10
Swansea		18
Brighton		21
Knutsford		25
Exeter		31
Haverfordwest		31
Newcastle-under-Line	*Aug.*	8
Nottingham		8
Canterbury		15
Egham		29
Northampton		29
Warwick	*Sept.*	5
Lincoln		20
Leicester		20
Newmarket First October Meeting	*Oct.*	3
Second Oct. Meeting		16
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DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

GENERAL TARLETON *v.* MONSIEUR CHARMILLY.

MUCH has been said and written about Monsieur Charmilly, and certainly there was room to urge much upon the subject; for nothing seems more clear, than that had his advice been taken by the late gallant General Moore, at the instigation of Mr. Frere, that not one British soldier would ever have returned to his native land, except it was in the mortifying condition of a prisoner of war! But those who would be fully acquainted with the situation of our army in Spain, should read a late explanatory military pamphlet, entitled "Operations of the British Army in Spain," and in that they will find matter to make them grieve. In that interesting publication, the calamities of our army are depicted with a painful accuracy.

But to the immediate point:— Agreeably to the *Morning Post* of the 28th of April, General Tarleton

ton thus expressed himself in the House of Commons :—"Some years ago, Colonel de Charmilly came over to Ireland, where engaging in play with a Mr. Devereux, he lost a considerable sum, which he refused to pay! Mr. Devereux wished to challenge him, and asked him (General Tarleton) to be his second, which he refused!—Colonel de Charmilly said he was drunk, and knew nothing of the affair!—He thought it his duty to put the House in possession of these facts, as they served to throw some light on the character of the man, who was to throw Sir John Moore in the shade, and in fact regulate the whole of the operations of the British army."

A reference was likewise made to the poverty of Colonel de Charmilly, but as no positive criminality attaches to poverty, we have omitted that passage, for the honour of all the parties.

Such was the language, as used in the Senate of Britain, to cheer us in these degenerate times :—a General Officer, a Military Governor, and the Representative of one of the first commercial towns in the empire, has publicly denounced the man who could be guilty of a prevarication in the laws of honour, which should be governing at a gaming-table!

That delicacy of principle, that urbanity of manners, which constitutes the gentlemanly character, must inevitably be strengthened by this senatorial philippic against a presumed violator of conscious rectitude. Had we many such advocates for purity in the sporting world as General Tarleton, how different might be the demeanour of many of our adventurers! Each man would rigorously square his action with his word, and we should as soon hear of an animated Griffin, as a *Levanter!*

Had this parliamentary corrective for impropriety come from the lips of a man notorious for having led a dissolute life, it might have failed in having a due effect upon society; but as flowing from the gallant General, who has been for years so proverbial for the chastity of his deportment in whatever related to sporting transactions, its efficacy will have unbounded force. No man, surely, after this, will presume to take the chances of a hazard table, without assuring the company that he has money enough in his pocket-book to answer the accidents and inconstancy of fortune—no man, surely, after this, will risque the exposition of his honour and integrity, by suffering his name to remain upon the debtor side of a night-book for years, in one of the *hells* of St. James's parish, and retire from the pains and penalties of responsibility, in the glare, and dazzle, and privileges, of the legislative character.—The jockies of Newmarket will derive a sense of moral honour from their fears, and the Racing Calendar never be stained again with the malversations of a Chifney!

"Example draws where precept fails."

If any thing can bring us back to the pristine delicacy of our forefathers, it will be a continuation of such wholesome and timely admonitions.—When Saint Augustine first taught the primitive beauties of Christianity in Britain, the idolatrous and unhallowed mob were less impressed with the ethics than the manners of the pious Monk!

The severe and animated, but just strictures of the gallant General, have suggested to me the necessity of having, in future, some immutable

immutable regulations at the gaming-table, which might restrain the base part of adventurers from taking an undue advantage of the credulous; and thereby prevent the necessity of duelling, or, more properly speaking, the affectation of duelling, as there is seldom any thing very disastrous in these brawls: the leading conditions might run thus; viz,

First—Any *gentleman* who is desirous of paying his devoirs at the shrine of Chance, must produce a certificate that he has never *levanted* at any race-course, billiard-room, cock-pit, tennis-court, *hell*, or bowling-green.

Secondly—That he shall submit to be searched on entering into the temple of Fortune, in order to ascertain, whether his means of payment be equal to his adventure; in the event of his being moneyless, he shall receive one kick from each of the gentlemen present, and two from the holder of the bank.

Thirdly—If any doubts exist as to his word of honour, a deputation shall be sent to the different sporting houses in the vicinity, to enquire if he has given drafts on a banker who would not honour them; or if he has kicked up a *row*, to plunder the table.

All these points being satisfactorily explained, he may be permitted to throw a main without molestation.

"Learn to be wise by others harm,
And you shall do full well."

W.

COURT-MARTIAL.

THE following is the sentence of the Court-Martial, held at Portsmouth, on Captain Chamberlayne, of the West Essex Regiment of Militia, for uttering certain expressions regarding Lieutenant-Colonel Duckett (the charge was inserted in *p.* 6 of our last Number).

"The Court having duly and maturely considered the evidence given in support of the prosecution, as well as that adduced by the prisoner in his defence, are of opinion, that he is guilty of the charge exhibited against him, with the exception of the word *fellow*, which they did not find to have been proved, and do therefore adjudge him to be dismissed from his Majesty's West Essex Regiment of Militia.

"I am to acquaint you, that his Majesty was pleased to approve and confirm the finding and sentence of the Court.

"You will therefore acquaint me with the day upon which the sentence is made known to the prisoner, Captain Chamberlayne, as from that day he will cease to receive pay in the West Essex Militia.

(Signed) "D. DUNDAS,
Commander in Chief.

"*Major G. Whitham,*
Or Officer commanding at Portsmouth."

The following notification has since appeared in the public prints:

"We learn from authority, that it is the intention of Mr. S. B. Chamberlayne (late Capt. C.) within three months from the time the Court came to their decision (sooner than which he is not enabled to obtain an authenticated copy, by the rules of law), to print the whole of the proceedings; until which time he hopes a British public will suspend their judgment."

INN-

INNKEEPERS AND TRAVELLERS.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, MAY 11.

Jones *v.* Jones.

THIS was a case of considerable public interest, and established the fact of Landlords and Innkeepers being answerable for the property of their customers while under their roof. It was an action tried at the last Shrewsbury Assizes before Mr. Baron Wood: the facts were nearly as follow.—The plaintiff had a servant in his employ of a cattle drover, named Evan Jones, whom he sent from London in December, with the produce of a drove. The servant arrived at Wrexham in a few days, and went to the inn there kept by the defendant. He slept in a three-bedded room, two of which were occupied by the defendant's own family. The plaintiff's servant swore on the trial that when he arrived at Wrexham he had a pocket book containing 400l. in bank notes: that during the day preceding the loss of it he had drank freely, but was not intoxicated. On going to bed at night he recollected placing his waistcoat in a chair by his bed's side, and the pocket book was safe in an inside pocket. When he awoke the next morning his clothes were there, but his pocket-book was gone; upon which he raised the whole family; declared his loss, and all joined in searching the bed-chamber, but the pocket-book could no where be found. The defendant and his wife appeared extremely anxious that the pocket-book should be found; and the defendant brought his servants and children to prove that they never saw the pocket-book. The Judge summed up the evidence, observing, that it was a very hard law against innkeepers, who were liable for the security of the goods of their guests; and unless the Jury were satisfied with the evidence of the plaintiff's servant, they would find for the defendant.—The Jury consulted together for some time, and found for the plaintiff.—Damages 400l.

Mr. Jervis came to Court this Term, and obtained a rule to shew cause why the verdict should not be set aside, and a new trial had: that verdict being against the directions of the Judge. This day the case came to be fully argued, and since the Court granted the conditional Rule, the following extraordinary fact had come to light. The defendant had fallen into distress, his goods were seized in execution, and a public sale advertised on the 29th ult. on which day the auctioneer, in presence of the persons assembled, put up for sale a bed and mattresses, remarking, that it was the same in which the young man had slept who lost the 400l. The lot was purchased by a person who joined in making affidavit of the fact; and, to his astonishment and surprise, between the two old mattresses, which were under the feather-bed, the lost pocket-book was discovered, and the 400l. in notes within it. Upon the knowledge of that fact, Mr. Jervis suggested, that if a new trial was not granted, that a *stet processus* should be awarded, and the defendant spared from payment of the costs. Mr. Jervis added, that the defendant was most interested for his character, which had suffered by the verdict; and he contended, that Evan Jones having gone to bed intoxicated, might by the cunning which some men possessed in their intoxication, have hid the book between the mattresses,

mattresses, and the next morning lost all recollection of the fact.

The Chief Baron admitted, that it was a sort of action which required as much strictness in proof as in a trial for felony; and the imprudent conduct of the plaintiff's servant laid him open to a severe cross-examination; but the jury believing his testimony, had come to a right conclusion.—The subsequent finding of the pocket-book was decisive confirmation of the truth of his story; and though he did not mean to attach suspicion to the defendant or his wife, yet he might have dishonest people about him; and he could not believe the pocket-book was between the mattresses on the morning of the search. He rather believed, that from the noise the circumstance had occasioned in the country, the party who took the pocket-book, was apprehensive it could not be got rid of without detection, and had therefore placed it between the mattresses previous to the sale. Upon the whole, he saw no grounds for disturbing the verdict, or for granting a *stet processus*.—The other Judges concurred in opinion, and the Rule for a new trial was discharged.

CLOSE OF THE HUNTING ESTABLISHMENTS IN THE NORTH.

At the end of last month, our friends of the *York Herald* gave the following description of the several hunting establishments in the North:—

Lord Darlington, with his celebrated pack, have had several remarkable good runs during the season, particularly towards the finish, in the Boroughbridge and Catterick country, and also in the Raby country, where foxes are in plenty. In the Doncaster country also, his Lordship had many very good days' sport, though the foxes in that district are scarce. His Lordship's hounds are uncommonly high bred, full of bone, and of great size, and are very generally admired by every sportsman who attends them.—The hardest riders are—Lord Darlington, Sir T. Pilkington, Messrs. Trotter, Treacher, Osbaldeston, Allan, T. Shafto, Witham, Hartley, Silvertop, Hopper, F. Hartley, Lowson, Edward Parker, R. W. Peirse, &c. &c.

Uniform of the Raby Hunt.—Undress, Scarlet frock, with black collar, and gold foxes; buttons with a fox.—Dress Coat, Brown, with a black collar, and gold foxes; R. H. on the buttons.

The Confederate Hounds (those of Sir M. M. Sykes and Mr. Watt) are also a very complete pack, and the thanks of a numerous field of sportsmen, who regularly attend them, are due to Mr. Digby Legard, for his excellent management of them.—We regret that in several parts of their country also, (particularly the Wolds,) the foxes are scarce; but, notwithstanding, they have had a great many very good runs: they are also hounds of a good size, very high mettled, and handsome.—Amongst the hardest riders are—Messrs. Legard, T. Sykes, Hill, Acklom, Schonswar, Bower, Brown, Johnson, &c. &c.

Confederate Hounds, Uniform.—Scarlet coat, with a light blue collar, and silver fox, with "Sykes," and "gone away," in silver; white buttons.—Full Dress—Black coat, with gold.

Mr.

MR. L. FOX'S HOUNDS—throughout the season, have had very general good sport, particularly at the breaking up of the snow and flood, when, for a fortnight or three weeks, they never went out without having a celebrated run. They have abundance of foxes, and have not had a blank day during the season: indeed they are a pack that must give general satisfaction, and are remarkable for their blood, bone, and beauty.—Riders, Hon. M. B. Hawke, Hon. H. Lascelles, Messrs. Gascoigne, Clough, Yorke, Starkie, &c. &c.

Mr. Fox's Hunt Uniform.—Scarlet coat and collar, with a gold fox.

The hunters in these three renowned packs are generally thorough-bred, and are such as are seldom witnessed.

LORD SCARBOROUGH'S HOUNDS.—His Lordship has greatly improved these hounds, and in addition to his former excellent country for the chase, has selected a great part of that formerly hunted by the Duke of Leeds. During the season his Lordship has had many excellent runs, and has given much vigour to the chase in that part of the country.

The LAMBTON SUBSCRIPTION PACK have had good sport this season in the Sedgefield country, and in Northumberland. There is a scarcity of foxes in their home country. The pack uncommonly handsome, fleet, and no hounds superior.—Amongst the hardest Riders are—Messrs. Lambton, Baker, Wharton, Wetenhall, Chaloner, Beckwith, Wright, Shafto, Coxon, Robinson, &c. &c.

Lambton Uniform.—Scarlet coat and collar, with white buttons.—FULL DRESS, Black coat with yellow buttons, with a fox and L.S.; white waistcoat, black small clothes, &c.

The HURWORTH SUBSCRIPTION PACK, which hunt only twice a week in one of the best countries in Yorkshire and Durham, have had some capital runs, though foxes scarce.—Amongst the hardest Riders are—Messrs. Wilkinson, Chaytor, Burton, Davison, W. Wilson, Colling, &c. &c.

Hurworth Uniform. — Scarlet coat and yellow collar, with a fox, and inscription, "Hurworth hunt."

COLONEL THORNTON'S LAP-DOG BEAGLES, &c.—These dogs, prior to the Colonel's leaving this part of the country in November last, for Spy-Park, in Wiltshire, gave much pleasing sport, during the watering season, to the company at Scarborough and the neighbourhood. We are sorry he has left Falconer's Hall, as he was ever ready to gratify the public with every diversion in his power relative to hunting.—We find he has, during the season, been amusing the gentlemen of Wiltshire and Somersetshire, with his Hawks, Lap-dog Beagles, Stag-hounds, &c.

The EASINGWOLD HARE-HOUNDS—have afforded a great deal of good sport to the gentlemen in that neighbourhood, and have been well followed.

The YORK SUBSCRIPTION HARRIERS.—This steady and true pack have been most *dashingly* followed by the gentlemen of York and the vicinity, and have afforded many good runs after the timid hare.

ON

ON THE LATE

DISORDER AMONG HORSES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT is from the great diversity of sentiment that now prevails, respecting the late disease in horses, that I hope for the insertion of the following observations in your excellent Miscellany, as being the most eligible channel for the conveyance of any thing relative to that noble animal.

The calamity which existed among horses in this country during the last two months, was equally general with that recorded in the year 1732. Its cause and nature have been differently stated within the limits of my practice, by those gentlemen known by the appellation of farriers, but who, unfortunately, are not only destitute of learning, but of that system, founded upon scientific principles, which alone can guide them in the most simple part of their practice. How far they are competent to decide upon such cases, I am at a loss to determine; but true it is, they affect, on all professional occasions, a cynical superiority, by which the credulous are so frequently led to believe in the medical mystery they pretend to possess.

Leaving these gentlemen to rest upon their own opinions, I will endeavour to elucidate the most probable causes of this vernal malady, (denominated "the distemper in horses") and the parts which it affected the most, with the remedies generally found to succeed in its eradication.

Considering it to proceed from atmospherical causes, it will be necessary to divide them into the remote or pre-disposing, proximate or immediate. First, by adverting to the extreme cold, accompanied with incessant showers of rain, to which all horses, more or less, were exposed during the month of February last, to be the remote or pre-disposing cause: Secondly, the sudden change of the atmosphere, from severe cold to extreme heat, with frequent cold winds, in the month of March, to be the proximate or immediate cause; therefore the impropriety of taking any horse from a cold situation, and placing him in a hotter one, must clearly demonstrate the error of this conduct, by its producing an increased action of the arterial system, whereby the circulation of the blood must be proportionably quickened. The effects and consequences of such general derangement are, inflammations attacking those organs which are most influenced by local irritation. The mucous membrane lining the nasal, maxillary, and frontal cavities, larynx, trachea, and the ramifications of the bronchial tubes, are parts on which the inflammation has generally prevailed, from the sensible change in the state and temperature of the atmosphere, proving a source of constant irritation to that organ. The inflammation may then be said to have attacked that part lining the nasal, maxillary, and frontal cavities, that of the larynx, trachea, the ramifications of the bronchial tubes, or the more complicated organ, the lungs; therefore it must appear, that the degree of danger, and severity of disease, must have depended entirely upon the parts which were affected, yet all going indiscriminately under the appellation of the distemper. If the membrane lining the nasal, maxillary, and

and frontal cavities, with the circumvolutions of the turbanator bones, were only affected, little more than a slight indisposition was manifested, attended with a cough, and this was generally removed by bleeding, and a liberal allowance of bran and oat mashes. If the membrane lining the larynx, trachea, and the ramifications of the bronchial tubes, became inflamed, the animal displayed a slight disquietude, a cough, his legs and ears cold, with an irregular respiration, oppressed pulse, and a deficiency of appetite. Moderate bleeding on the first appearance, with diuretic and diaphoretic medicines, were generally found to succeed. If the lungs were inflamed, a greater field of danger could not present itself, from the great muscular power of the heart and arteries of the horse; therefore any comment on this subject must be superfluous, as the aid of proper medical assistance should always be recommended, for the relief of the poor sufferer: however, in case of disappointment in procuring immediate help, on the first indication of attack, copious bleeding will be found very beneficial.

Hitherto, the great discharge of matter which issued from the nose in this epidemic calamity, has escaped our observation, considering it only a consequence of the disease, or a termination of the inflammation in suppuration. The regulation of this process depended entirely upon the treatment pursued on the first appearance of symptoms indicating the disease.—If bleeding was neglected, and the parts affected were confined to the nasal passages, a profuse discharge generally followed. When the larynx, trachea, &c. were affected, seldom any discharge was observed from the nostrils, even under neglect; the inflammation terminating in an effusion of coagulated lymph, which formed transverse bands in the trachea and larynx, and thus constituted what is denominated a roarer: several instances of this description occurred within my knowledge.

It will here, perhaps, be necessary to observe, that if immediate bleeding had been employed on the first apprehension of the disease, all that unwarrantable discharge of matter from the nasal passages would, in almost every case, have been wholly prevented, and a tedious illness avoided, as well as all that expence to animal nature consequent on a large and continued discharge of matter from the system, particularly a glandular membrane. In the present disease, allowing the discharge to have taken place from the nose, bleeding was then not only unnecessary but injurious to the animal, unless an inflammation of some other organ justified the operation.

I am, your's, &c.

Wm. Robinson,
Vet. Surg.

Tamworth, May 6, 1809.

DEATH OF THE GAME CHICKEN.

SUNDAY, April 30, at half past four o'clock in the afternoon, died the celebrated pugilistic hero, *Henry Pearce*, alias *the Game Chicken*, and once the Champion of England. His fighting career was put an end to by a complaint of the lungs, brought on by dissipated habits, and which at length produced his dissolution.

The title of Champion of England has, from time to time, been bestowed

bestowed on various candidates for pugilistic fame; but certainly it was never more justly bestowed than on the person in question; for in the numerous contests in which he has been engaged, he never was obliged to yield the palm of victory. Pearce was a native of Bristol, which has, of late years, been so celebrated for producing heroes. He was about thirty years of age, stout and athletic in appearance, from five feet nine to ten inches high. Although a professor of boxing, he never was involved in pot-house brawls or casual *rencontres*.

The first battle of note which he fought, was with a man of colour at Bath, who had been for some years the dread of that neighbourhood. He obtained a hard-earned victory, after a contest of upwards of an hour. He was much inferior in point of strength to his adversary, and was indebted to his success to what may be termed a cautious *cunning* system of fighting, rather than to a proficiency in the art. Soon after this, the fame and rewards of Belcher having been spread far and near, Pearce was tempted to try his fortune in London as a bruiser, and accordingly he came to town at the particular request of Belcher, who, having declared his intention of retiring from the ring, promised him the patronage of all his friends. Pearce first entered the lists with Bourke, whom Belcher had twice beaten, and they fought in a room in St. Martin's-lane by candle light. The conflict was short and desperate, and in a quarter of an hour the Bristol hero was declared the victor. The bottom he evinced on this occasion procured him the name of the *Game Chicken;* upon which he crowed defiance to all the game cocks in the kingdom, Belcher excepted, (it being his intention not to pit himself against any of the Bristol breed.) Gully was at this time in the Fleet for debt, and being anxious to fight his way out, he proposed a combat with the Chicken, which took place for a purse of one hundred guineas: on this occasion Gully distinguished himself as a man of bottom and science; but, after an hour's conflict, was compelled to yield to superior strength and experience.

The Chicken's next rencontre was with Elias Spray, the coppersmith, on Moulsey Hurst, and there he gained fresh laurels; for Spray was a man of great strength, and about the middle of the battle, placing a blow on the temple of the Chicken, it required some dexterity on his part to carry on the contest until he recovered from its effects. This battle, however, being won by the Chicken, he was challenged by a countryman of the name of Cart, who held his opponent but a short tug, for the battle was nearly decided in the first round, the Chicken planting his favourite blow in the jugular vein, which completely disabled his antagonist.

The Chicken now became a great favourite with the amateurs; he excited the envy of Belcher, who had, during his retirement, the misfortune to lose an eye; besides, by keeping late hours, he had greatly impaired his constitution. In this state he prepared to fight the Chicken, and the battle took place in Yorkshire, much against the wish and advice of Belcher's best friends. The debilitated state of Belcher, and the disadvantage he laboured under from the want of an eye, gave the Chicken an easy conquest, which, under other circumstances, would

have cost him dear. This was the last battle the Chicken was ever engaged in. His constitution from this time gradually decayed; and his death, if not entirely originating in dissipation, was undoubtedly accelerated by it. Finding his dissolution at hand, he expressed a desire to see his relations from Bristol; and his father, amongst the rest, took leave of him in the morning. Some time before his death, Pearce was impressed with sentiments of religion, and requested a clergyman to assist him in his devotions. He hoped forgiveness from all those whom he might have ill treated in the way of his profession, and declared, with his last breath, that he died in charity with all men.

WINDSOR FOREST.

"Thy forest, Windsor, and thy calm retreats,
At once the Monarch and the Muse's seats."

THE Commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of Windsor Forest, have made three Reports upon the subject, which have been laid before the House of Commons, and printed. The following are extracts from them:—

EXTENT.

This Forest was formerly of much greater extent than at the present time. According to an inquisition in the time of Charles the First, and the perambulation made under the authority of the 46th of the King, it extends into the five hundreds of Ripplesmere, Cookham, Charlton, Wargrave, and Sonninge, and comprehends the whole of some of them, and part only of others. The entire parishes within the forest are twelve in number, and it extends into parts of five other parishes. It contains fifteen principal or chief manors, having within them several subordinate or mesne manors. Of the principal, or chief manors, some are co-extensive with the parishes in which they lie, others are not so, and some of them extend over more parishes than one.

The whole quantity of land in the Forest, according to the survey and maps, taken in the years 1789, and the three following, amounts to 59,600 acres; of which the inclosed property of the Crown is 5,454 A. 2 R. 6 P.; the private inclosed property of individuals, is 29,025 A. 2 R. 36 P.—total of inclosed land, 34,480 A. 1 R. 2 P.

The open wood lands on the wastes of different manors amount to 2,230 A. 0 R. 28 P.; open heaths and commons, the wastes of differet manors, 22,238 A. 39 P.; land covered with water, 165 A. 1 R. 9 P.—Total of open forest land, 24,628 A. 2 K. 36 P.

If to these are added the encroachments made by individuals from different wastes, but claimed by the Crown, amounting to 401 A. 2 P. the recapitulation will be as follows:—

	Acres.	R.	P.
Inclosed Land	34,480	1	2
Open Forest Land	24,628	2	36
Encroachments.........	401	0	2
	59,600	0	0

THE DEER.

The number of deer have of late years been much diminished. And it appears by the returns made in November 1731, that there were at that time more than 1,300 deer in the forest; and by a return in November 1806, that there were then

then only 318 deer in the whole forest. It would be supposed, that these having a range over 24,600 acres of land, would find sufficient food, with proper assistance, in the winter; the contrary, however, is the case; and the deer in almost every walk of the forest, except one, are all nearly starved; many actually die of húnger, and the surviving does have not strength to rear their fawns. This principally arises from the unlimited manner in which animals of all descriptions are turned out in the forest, by persons who have no right or pretence whatever to do so, and by the surcharge of the common by those who have a right to a certain extent. The assistance that ought to be given to the deer, by providing them with hay and other food in severe weather, is not attended to. The provision made for that purpose is in every walk in the forest inadequate, and in one instance that came accidentally to the knowledge of the Commissioners, perverted to private advantage.

THE TIMBER.

The ruinous effects of the system which has hitherto prevailed in Windsor Forest, cannot be better illustrated than by stating, that the timber now growing in the Forest is valued, upon a loose estimate, to be worth nearly 200,000l. of which (from the want of care) only a small portion will be applicable to naval purposes. The greater proportion of the timber is now going rapidly to decay, and ought to be cut as soon as possible. There are now in the Forest of Windsor about 2,230 acres of land on which trees are standing, but throughout the whole of that district there is not a single sapling or growing young tree to succeed those which decay or are cut down. There are also in the Forest about 22,233 acres of heath and open land, on which there are no trees of any age or kind, excepting a few oak and beech pollards of inconsiderable value.

THE LODGES.

The Lodges in the Forest (except those occupied by the under keepers, which are mere cottages) are Cranbourn Lodge, New Lodge, Swinley Lodge, and Bagshot Lodge; and it appears by the return of Lord Cranley, in the explanation of his office of Out Ranger, that there is a lodge annexed to his office, called Trys Lodge, near Chertsey (which is out of the Forest), now in the occupation of Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, Baronet.

Cranbourn Lodge was occupied by his late Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, when Lord Warden of the Forest; it has since his death been completely repaired and fitted up, and is now in the occupation of the Honourable George Villiers, by permission of his Majesty, but who does not hold any office within the Forest.

New Lodge was granted by his Majesty, with the office of Ranger of New Lodge Walk, for life, to her Highness Princess Sophia of Gloucester, by letters patent in the year 1798. This Lodge, as her Highness states in her explanation of her office, is in such a dilapidated state, that it is scarce habitable by the servants who are put in to take care of it. There are about twenty acres of grass land attached to this Lodge.

Swinley Lodge, with its inclosures, containing about one hundred and ninety acres, is always occupied by the Master or Keeper of his Majesty's Stag Hounds, who is

is at the same time Ranger and Keeper of Swinley Walk, and Circuitor Bailiff and Chief Forester of Battels Bailiwick.

The state of *Bagshot Lodge* is much more ruinous than that of New Lodge, and is in no degree whatever habitable; there is a large quantity of building belonging to it, and was for many years inhabited by the late Major-General Cox and his family, but has been long deserted.

GAME LAWS.

ARGUMENTS FOR A NEW TRIAL,

In the Court of Exchequer, May 10, 1809.

The King *v.* Prosser.

MR. Baron Graham read the notes which he had taken of this case, when it was tried before him, at the last Gloucester Assizes. The action had been brought at the instance of Sir —— Wathan, a gentleman, who, it appeared, was distinguished in his neighbourhood for a rigorous enforcement of the Game Laws.

A Mr. Hawkins, who was by law qualified, resolved to treat the people in that neighbourhood with a few hares. He collected all the dogs he could find in that quarter, and killed nineteen hares in one day. Among the dogs borrowed, was that of the Rev. Mr. Jackson, which had been kept by the defendant Prosser, the tenant of Mr. Jackson.

Prosser, at the request of Hawkins, went out with the dog, and took an active part in the sport; in consequence of which a prosecution was commenced against him, under the statute of Anne, for using a dog for the destruction of game, without having qualified by law.—The Jury found for the defendant.

Mr. Abbot moved in the Exchequer for a new trial, and mentioned a *nisi prius* case, tried at Stafford, before Mr. Justice Lawrence, in which that very learned and accurate Judge laid it down, that whosoever accompanied a qualified man in the chase, and took a share in the sport, was liable to the penalty under the Act, unless himself qualified, excepting servants hired *pro hac vice*.

Mr. Serjeant Williams also supported this side of the question.

Mr. Dauncey, on the other hand, contended, that such a doctrine would lead to the most monstrous consequences. A man going to the Opera might, upon this principle, be said to use a fiddle-stick, because he partook of the amusement. Every one who applauded at Newmarket might be said to keep a race-horse, and the ladies of Portman-square, who waved their handkerchiefs in admiration of the worthies of the Whip Club, might be considered as members of that sapient society. Mr. D. also relied upon the case of the King *v.* Newman, where Lord Mansfield had disapproved of the conduct of a Magistrate, who had convicted two men for having attended a qualified man at a hunt.

Mr. Abbot stated, that the case mentioned had been reported by Mr. Loft, who had since betaken himself to the writing of poetry, &c. It so happened, that there was a great deal of poetry in his prose reports of law cases, and therefore the accuracy of his reports had seldom been much relied on.

The Lord Chief Baron observed, that before he affirmed or denied the

the doctrine laid down by Mr. Justice Lawrence, he should wish to have it very fully considered. In the present case, there was no occasion for that; besides, it came within the exception universally allowed. Prosser had gone out, not for his own pleasure, but as the servant, *pro hac vice*, of Mr. Hawkins. The verdict, therefore, was unquestionably right.

The other Judges concurred in this opinion, and the rule, which had been obtained on a former day by Mr. Abbot, for a new trial, was accordingly discharged.

INTERVIEW
BETWEEN THE GEESE.

AT the York Lent Assizes, John Shields, and George Nicholson, were charged with stealing sixteen geese, the property of Mr. Blanchard, of Bulmer.

The facts of this case were shortly these:—On Sunday, the 31st of October last, all the geese of the prosecutor were safe in his field; on the following day, sixteen were missing from his flock, part of which he found alive at York the same day, in the possession of the prisoners, who had been offering them for sale. The prosecutor, on examining the geese, said he was almost sure they were the geese which had been stolen; but in order to attain perfect satisfaction, he hit upon the following method:—The geese he had lost had been taken from their companions, parents, and relatives, of course; if brought together, they would, he imagined, if they were the geese he had lost, recognise each other. But not being willing that so important and interesting a point should rest on his own evidence and judgment, he took with him the constable and another person, whose united testimony would not only satisfy the Court, but also his neighbours, whom he thought rather incredulous on the subject.—A chaise was accordingly provided for the purpose, and the geese, thus respectably attended, returned in triumph to their native place.

These witnesses proceeded with all sober sadness to detail the particulars of this interesting interview. On the arrival of the carriage, the ancient gander came out on the road to welcome the approach of his lost family: the cackling of the other geese was heard at a distance, and as soon as the captive ones were released from their confinement, they hastened with impatience to their companions, and here a scene ensued, which was not to be described; the mutual congratulations on this occasion were so loud and sincere, as to leave no doubt in the minds of these respectable witnesses, that these geese were indisputably of the same family.

The effect which this description had on the risible faculties of the Court and audience, may be easier conceived than described; repeated bursts of laughter discomposed the bench, the bar, and the audience, and it was a considerable time before gravity could be restored.—The Jury found the prisoners—*Guilty*.

CARD-TABLE CONVERSATION, &c.

MR. EDITOR,

DO not imagine I am going to condemn cards; I assure you I am not, for I think them not only

ly innocent, but often useful. Of the numbers of both sexes that meet together, how few, how very few, are qualified for conversation! The weather, the fashion, the tale of the day, exhaust their whole fund; no one dares to introduce a serious subject—the appellation of Methodist would certainly ensue. I am speaking of the ladies' conversation, you may be sure, though, to speak the truth, when I have been in a mixed company, and many of the wiser sex among us, I have observed, with surprise, that it very little conduced to the improvement of our discourse—whether the gentlemen think our levity incorrigible, or that they despise us too much to attempt our improvement; or, as I sometimes am charitably led to think, they are now and then glad of an excuse to talk nonsense themselves: from whichsoever of these causes it proceeds is of little consequence; the ladies, imbibing no new ideas, go on in the same *routine*. But this is a digression. I was going to say, when the usual topics are exhausted, the actions and characters of our acquaintance come in as a fresh supply.

Till now we have been innocent, though trifling; one step farther, and we approach to guilt; how usefully, then, is the card-table introduced! a vole, or four by honours, engross our whole attention; characters and families remain undisturbed. Behold us, then, sat down to amuse ourselves: amusement is professedly our end; but how strangely pursued!

The peevish fretfulness of some, the passion or sullenness of others, too often frustrate that design; while all affect a total indifference as to their loss or gain, the majority behave as if gain was their whole pursuit. If they have a bad run of cards, they can hardly be civil to any part of the company; but should you unfortunately play a wrong card, or in a manner different from what they think right, the storm bursts forth; and if (which is not always the case) their language keeps within the bounds of decency, their looks, unawed by any restraint, express the strongest emotions.

I never could see what right any one has to call another to account for not playing well. We are content to excel in music, dancing, every polite accomplishment, and look with complacent pity on those poor mortals, whose inferior abilities prevent their arriving at such excellence. Why must indifferent play be the only fault without excuse? As it is every one's interest to play the best they can, so there is no doubt but every one does so. How is it, then, that people allow themselves, on these occasions, to make use of such expressions, as they would think the highest breach of common good manners in any other case? If the supposed bad play should proceed from ignorance, or inattention in the player, warmth and pettishness will but make it worse: to inform him better, with good nature and politeness, is the only possible method of improving him.

For my own part, who really play for amusement, I am all astonishment, when I see so many pleasing countenances set down to cards, and in an hour's time behold them wear so different an appearance; and wonder how reasonable creatures can conjure up all the troublesome passions they possess, at a time when they profess a design of amusing themselves.

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The likeliest way to avoid any share in these foolish altercations, is to sit down with a married pair; the gentleman's good manners generally keep his ill-humour confined to his wife, who, having taken him for better and for worse, must be content to bear the whole force of it. I am particularly acquainted in a family where that is the case; the lady is not fond of cards, but plays sometimes to oblige her husband; and he, good man, out of all patience that his rib should not be a second Hoyle, by cross looks and sharp speeches, totally banishes every idea she ever had: the rest of the company feel themselves unhappy, and yet this is called amusement!

Indeed, I would advise every single lady, if possible, to attend her inamorato pretty frequently at the card-table; and however genteel and agreeable his behaviour should be to herself, if he is hasty or pettish with any one else in company, she may depend on the same fate when once the knot is tied. I advise the gentlemen to pursue the same method, for I do not pretend to say the ladies play with more good humour than themselves. They may both, on these occasions, make sad discoveries; and she who can rage, fret, or pout, at the trifling disappointments which happen at cards, gives no proof of that patience, fortitude, and resignation, which, joined to sweetness of temper, make the chief ornaments of a female character, and are indispensibly necessary in our passage through life.

My design, Mr. Editor, is not to censure indiscriminately all who play; I am so happy as to be intimately acquainted with several families, whose cheerfulness, good humour, and evenness of temper, make cards really a relaxation: but as I think, in our most trivial actions, we should aim at the pleasure or profit of each other, and even in trifles do as we would be done by, so I cannot help wishing every one to sit down to a card-table with a determined resolution of being pleased themselves, or at least to appear so, and contributing all in their power towards the pleasure of others.—I am, Sir, your constant reader, C.

SPORTING SUBJECTS, WITH THOSE OF NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1809.

PORTRAITS of Granadillo, a brood mare, and Skyscraper colt, the property of T. Crook, Esq.—J. Ward, A.

Panthers and leopard.—E. A. Spilsbury.

Portrait of a hack, the property of Captain H. Vyse.—R. B. Davis.

The chase.—D. Wolstenholme.

Portrait of a gentleman and his keeper, with his favourite horse and dogs.—J. Ward, A.

A landscape, with figures, cattle, &c.: Morning.—P. J. De Loutherbourg, R. A.

A setter dog.—C. H. Swanfelder.

Doe licking her fawn.—E. A. Spilsbury.

Digging the fox from earth.—D. Wolstenholme.

A Suffolk mare: a study from nature.—J. Ward, A.

A Shetland poney: a study from nature.—J. Ward, A.

Portrait of a pointer, the property of a nobleman.—J. Benson.

Asses, waiting the return of fishing boats.—J. Ward, A.

Scene in the New Forest, Hants. —Miss M. Pixell.

A straw yard.—J. Ward, A.

Boys fishing.—H. Thompson, R. A.

A herd attacked by lions; one of the compartments of the shield of Achilles.—R. Westall, R. A.

Portraits of Spaniels flushing a woodcock.—Sartorius.

Bobtail, a celebrated cart-horse, the property of J. Powell, Esq. Broomesthorpe, Norfolk.—T. Weaver.

The miller's cart, or rustic conversation.—W. R. Bigg, A.

A smith shoeing a horse.—E. Bristow.

Portraits of two celebrated dray-horses, the property of C. Calvert, Esq. and the portrait of Wry-nose Joe, the drayman.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a mare.—J. Barenger.

Portrait of a charger belonging to an officer in the City Light Horse.—D. Wolstenholme.

A young grouse, from nature.—J. Cook.

Portrait of a pug dog.—J. Barenger.

Tom Pipes and Harry Long-legs, hunters, the property of a gentleman, with his portrait and servant. H. B. Chalon.

Androcles and the lion: H. Irvine.

A drawing in water-colours: a girl playing with her dog.—Miss Violet.

Horticulture and husbandry.—H. Corbould.

The wrangling card-players.—G. Turner.

The wild huntsman.—*Vide* Scots Ballads and Songs.—R. B. Davis.

Portrait of Mr. Butler's Miss Coiner.—J. N. Sartorius.

Partridges from Nature.—Miss Dubuisson.

Portrait of a dog: a study from nature.—J. Higton, sen.

Portrait of a dog, the property of the Countess of Dysart.—J. Northcote, R. A.

Lord Foley's Comrade beating Mr. Goodisson's Foxberry and Mr. Butler's Epsom, for the plate over Epsom, 1808.—J. N. Sartorius.

Portrait of a springer, bred at Syston park, by the late W. Thorold, Esq.—P. Reinagle, A.

The leap of the stag.—D. Wolstenholme.

A pheasant from nature.—Miss Dubuisson.

A partridge.—J. F. Sartorius.

A snipe.—J. F. Sartorius.

Sparrow from nature.—J. Barenger.

Portraits of the Rev. Mr. Luscomb's children, with a favourite Newfoundland dog.—J. Keenan.

Landscape, with a waggon and figures, C. Cranmer, jun.

A child and dog.—R. Todd.

Design for an entrance to a nobleman's park.—R. Elland.

A fawn, part of a group of figures executing in ornamental plate.—W. Theed.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FARRIER.

[*Price 6s.—Crosby and Co. London; Ridges, Newark; Taylor, Retford; and Heaton, Leeds.*]

WE have examined Mr. Clater's book on farriery with care, and cannot doubt his good intention of producing a book, drawn from minute observation and long practice, giving, in plain, easy terms (or words), a description of the manner a horse is afflicted, with a recipe for

for the cure of most of the disorders he is incident to. The Appendix, containing preparations of his medicines, methods of applying them, &c. we think is valuable: in fact we are gratified in being able, with confidence, to recommend the work, as a present to grooms, ostlers, &c.

The following is a specimen of the work:—

SECTION IX.—FEVERS.

Fevers in general are the effect of a strong and unnatural motion of the blood, which occasions great heat and inflammation in the body, and the pulse quickened beyond its natural speed. The general symptoms are, loss of appetite, restlessness, the horse ranging from one end of the rack to the other: his eyes red and inflamed; his tongue parched and dry; his flanks beat quick; his breath hot and offensive; he nibbles his hay, and frequently hangs his head down to the ground; his pulse beats upwards of fifty times in a minute; the heat of his body appears several degrees hotter than usual, though not parched, as in some inflammatory disorders.

Fevers are often wrong treated by country farriers, who frequently give one dose upon another, without waiting the effect of the first; their medicines, likewise, consisting of simple articles, which have no power to check the progress of the disorder. The internal inflammatory fevers generally take their seat at the stomach, from a cold, or a large distention of the stomach, by a load of undigested food; causing the inflammation to extend into various parts of the body, which obstructs the perspiration; and if not removed by some powerful medicine, will presently end in a gangrene, or mortification.

The symptoms of a violent inflammatory fever are similar to those of the staggers, and almost require the same treatment. Sometimes the horse affected appears quite senseless and stupified; stales and dungs insensibly; ranges about in the stable, and is subject to bruise himself, especially his head, against the walls; his flanks beat; his ears and legs are hot and cold by turns; his body is often in great heat, and sometimes emits cold sweats.

In these cases, first bleed plentifully, to the quantity of three or four quarts, then give the following drink.

Recipe.— Aloes succotrine, two drachms; jalap, two drachms; lenitive electuary, four ounces; nitre, one ounce; Epsom salts, one ounce; dissolve them in one quart of rue tea, and administer it as soon as possible.

This drink generally begins to purge in eleven or twelve hours after it is taken. If the fever increases after this dose, recourse must be had to this mixture for inflammatory fevers.

The powerful mixture for fevers. —Emetic tartar, one ounce; calcined antimony, two ounces; calcined hartshorn, one ounce: mix and grind them together to a fine powder, in a mortar; then put them into a glass bottle, and cork them up for use: two drachms of these powders to one dose.

A dose of this mixture may be given twice or three times a day, if the fever be violent, and the horse very rageful.

The above powders are excellent for the staggers, convulsions, and all kinds of inflammatory fevers; and are equal to those which are

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held in such high repute by the world, that go under the name of James's.

When the disease begins to abate, the horse will begin to recover his senses, and look brisker with his eyes; his appearance is more lively, and he will now eat his meat. In this case, the medicine may be omitted, and the following mild and strengthening drink be administered.

Recipe. — Peruvian bark, one ounce; gentian root, half an ounce, in powder; salt of tartar, half an ounce; spirits of vitriol, half a drachm: to be given in one quart of warm ale.

This drink will strengthen the entrails, and promote an appetite; and is likewise excellent in all disorders attended with a slight fever, or when the stomach and intestines are weakened and relaxed by some long continued disease. It may be given every morning, or every other morning, fasting, for three or four times, or longer, if necessary.

EXTERNAL INFLAMMATION.

All wounds and bruises are attended with a degree of inflammation, according to the severity thereof. Such as may be brought to a good digestion, need no internal application; but if the wound will not digest, or is violently inflamed, it may probably gangrene, and turn to a mortification, unless timely prevented; in which case, give the horse an ounce of Peruvian bark, and half an ounce of nitre, in a pint of sage tea, three or four times a day.

From the specimen here given, our readers will be enabled to form some judgment of the manner in which the work is executed. The author states in his preface that it "will be found entirely new, and on a different plan from any of the kind that has yet appeared. It shows the nature and symptoms of every disorder which that noble animal, a horse, is subject to, in the plainest manner, and its cure; a peculiar method of preparing medicine; how to give it; how to manage a horse after taking it; and the time required to take it in."

LORD ERSKINE'S BILL, TO PREVENT CRUELTY TOWARDS BRUTE ANIMALS.

THE following is the substance of the eloquent speech made by Lord Erskine, in the House of Peers, on the second reading of a Bill which his Lordship has introduced into that House, to prevent cruelty to animals.

We sincerely hope his Lordship may succeed in his philanthropic endeavours, to ameliorate the condition of the brute creation.

Upon the order of the day being read for the second reading of the Bill,

Lord Erskine rose, and addressed the House in a very eloquent and animated speech. He considered it his duty to state the many reasons which had induced him to bring this subject under the consideration of Parliament: he for a long time had with pain reflected upon the situation of the brute creation, that whilst this enlightened country had framed laws for every other description of offence, we had considered animals under the domination of man in no view but that of property, and had wholly left out of our consideration,

sideration, the feelings of the animal itself. "I have always," said his Lordship, "deplored the many acts of cruelty which every one of your Lordships must have been eye-witnesses to, and which are almost daily practised in our streets. The effects, my Lords, which this habit produces upon the lower orders of society are incalculable, and render those faculties which alone ennoble the human species more stupid than the beast on whom they exercise their cruelty. It is as painful for me to recollect, as it would be painful and disgusting for me to relate, the shocking instances of cruelty which have attracted my observation. The Bill upon your Lordships' table has occupied a great portion of my time and attention, and the object of it is to prevent those abuses, of which every feeling man must have been convinced there is necessity to complain. For amongst some men, from want of due reflection, a beast is considered as mere property, over which the owner has absolute dominion. The general answer returned to all remonstrances must have been noticed by every Noble Lord who now hears me; remonstrate against cruelty practised by the servant, he replies, you are not his master—it is no business of your's—and expostulate with the owner, he says, he has a right to do as he pleases with his own property. Falsely guided by a consideration of property, they forget the duty they owe to the animal.

"That God, in his bountiful goodness, has granted to man the dominion over the inferior part of the animal world, is very certain—but, my Lords, that dominion is not confined to us absolutely, it is a dominion in trust. The animal over which we exercise our power has all the organs which render it susceptible of pleasure and pain—it sees, it hears, it smells, it tastes, it feels with acuteness all the sensations of pleasure and of pain. The more we study the construction of the animal system, the more we have reason to admire the mercy and goodness of the Creator—and this alone, independent of our sympathetic feelings, is sufficient to instruct us how mercifully we ought to exercise the dominion entrusted to our care. If a beast were destitute of those organs which irresistibly compel us to admit he is alive, like ourselves, to every infliction of pain—if he were but a mass of living matter, without any appearance of his being susceptible of pleasurable or painful sensations—then indeed there would be no necessity to go further in legislation—but to consider him as other property.

"The Bill before you, my Lords, considers the animal as a being itself, over which man has but a dominion in trust. Perhaps some objection may be made to the preamble as being unusual, and not to be found in Bills which are commonly introduced into Parliament." His Lordship here read the preamble, which stated, 'That whereas it had pleased Almighty God to grant unto man dominion over the lower animal world—that still the dominion was only granted to him in trust, so that he might use, but not abuse, the animals thus placed under his power.' "Although this kind of preamble may be unusual, it is not unprecedented; such may be found in some of the most antient and yet most important of all the statutes. It was expedient to commence the present Bill with that kind of preamble—it may thereby incul-

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cate instruction in the minds of those who read it—and may influence men in many of their implied duties towards the brute creation.

"There are many cruelties practised, which no law can reach, but a duty may be enjoined by inference, which cannot be enforced absolutely. It may be observed, if such be the principle of the Bill, it ought to have been extended to all living creatures—why, my Lords, from this Bill, a lesson of duty is inculcated towards all—but I thought, with many enlightened men, whom I consulted on the subject, that those animals which man has reclaimed and bred for his use, ought most particularly to be attended to, because wild and unreclaimed animals necessarily would increase beyond all due bounds, were we not incited to destroy them, and might endanger the comfortable existence of the human species.—Besides, we see it provided in the course of nature, that other animals are so constructed as to prey upon and destroy them without the interference of man; this seems designedly the order of things, and is one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence, which may be useful in reconciling us to the state of this lower and imperfect world.—There is one subject not adverted to in the Bill, and which I am induced to mention from the feelings of the present moment. I mean bull-baiting: it must be recollected a Bill was brought into the other House of Parliament, for the purpose of preventing that barbarous sport. But the principle professed was that of preventing so much disorder occasioned in society, particularly in those parts where these sports were exhibited, and the many complaints of servants neglecting their duty on these occasions was another grievance; but the misery and torture of the Bull was not the object of its consideration. On this account an Hon. Gentleman not far from me (Mr. Windham was standing beside the throne) objected to the measure; but I cannot for a moment suppose, if the only question had been, whether the animal creation were to be freed from cruelty, it would have incurred his opposition; I am willing to do more justice to his known good feelings, his genius, and the brightness of his mind. However, Bull-baiting is not included in the Bill upon your Lordships' table, although every attention is paid to the Bull himself, and if it shall be determined that the sport of baiting a Bull is a wicked, wanton, and barbarous act of cruelty, no one can reasonably object to its being punished. I never can believe that any heroic character existed who had been habituated to acts of cruelty; they never can lead to the greatness of our army or navy, or tend to form any useful character in society. This subject, my Lord, is one which in my opinion deserves the serious consideration of your Lordships, and if this bill be passed into a law, it will, I have no doubt, produce many salutary effects. It must have its due weight upon the minds of the lower orders, and will stamp as an offence against morality, that cruelty which from boys they had been in the habit of practising without reflection. An example of punishment upon the owner of an animal will have due influence upon the servant; though I am persuaded, for one instance amongst servants, there are one hundred amongst owners. It would astonish any man, to know the number of instances of cruelty which have, in letters, been detailed to me from all

all parts of the country, and from one end of the kingdom to the other. Magistrates and Clergymen have every where represented the necessity for providing a law upon the subject. To recite all the instances would be almost impossible. I shall only advert to those which I have myself witnessed. It is not intended to disturb men in the use of their animals, where sometimes the strength of such may necessarily be exerted beyond their natural power; but it is intended that those animals should not be abused. How lamentable it is, that interest should be the ostensible incitement to cruelty, as we see in the treatment of post-horses. There is also a set of travellers who will hire a horse for the day, and immediately ride out of town for the purpose of destroying that *ennui* which constantly preys upon their spirits. In this state they ride without regard to their beast, not caring if they return at night, or if they return at all; and these poor creatures are made the victims of their melancholy.

"There are others who can barely calculate, after a horse has arrived at those years, when age disqualifies him for further and regular exertion, how many days the animal can exist without food, and by means of torture, can be forced to work, and how this, with the skin, will afford them adequate profit for the money expended in their purchase. Neither ought that mode lately resorted to by those who coolly lay wagers on the subject, to be permitted with impunity, where, by time, or other measure of exertion, a horse is destined to perform that which is beyond the received opinion of any horse's strength, and upon the uncertainty of which the wager is resorted to. I have this day received a letter from an Hon. Member, who informs me, that it has come to his knowledge, there are those who buy old worn-out horses, the skins of which they sell to be tanned for hair trunks, the flesh is boiled and sold for dog's meat; but the purchasers turn them into a yard, where no meat is given them, and they sometimes remain there a week or a fortnight before they are killed. In this situation it has been known that they will eat their own dung, and sometimes eat each other's manes from hunger. There is one man who generally has several of these horses at a time, and he will not kill any, unless the market for the flesh is high enough to allow him an exorbitant profit." (His Lordship, after reading the letter, observed, this Gentleman was ready, before the Committee, to prove these things at their Lordships' Bar.) "I myself, a Peer of your House, am also ready to prove the same statement. Another act of cruelty is sometimes practised by those who impound the trespassing cattle of others, for the law has provided that notice of the impounding be sent to the owner, and then the sustenance of the animal rests upon himself. But if this animal be neglected, how cruel is its fate; the punishment by impounding was meant against the owner, and not against the animal confined and deprived of its liberty; the law did not mean to inflict torture and death. There is a description of animals, unjustly styled the emblem of stupidity, which I have seen, with great distress, overburthened, and to whom the name of stupidity has been given for the purpose of loading it with every oppression and cruelty. Without taking up more

more of your Lordships' time and patience, I shall not allude to any other instances of cruelty which might be mentioned; they have been noticed by myself, with considerable anxiety and regret. Even amongst the lowest of all beasts, those who are matched to bruise and wound each other, to the highest order of the species, which are involuntarily made to suffer the severest torture for the sport of man, in this high House of Parliament, as a Peer of the Realm, I formally declare my protest against the exercise of all such barbarous amusements. This Bill only goes to a certain extent in practically remedying the evil; beyond that, it may have an instructive influence; by teaching the lower orders humanity towards the brute creation, they may learn benevolence towards each other. As to wild animals, if we reclaim them, let them be reclaimed for our food, amusement, or our curiosity; but they ought to be applied to all these purposes with moderation, and without torture, or unnecessary pain. With regard to the second consideration of the Bill, it may be said in objection it will be very difficult to distinguish between the exercise of the utmost strength of an animal for the uses to which we are sometimes obliged to apply it, and that over-exertion, which cruelly destroys or tortures the animal. The treatment of animals by beating may also be questionable. But can a magistrate doubt of the case, when the principle of the bill ought to be applied? Let him consult his own feelings; he must be aware of the fact, and it must strike him as wilful, wanton, and malicious. The principle is not new, it is now exercised in the law between an apprentice and his master. A wanton act of cruelty is there punished, and there exists no difficulty in a magistrate's drawing the distinction of what is cruelty. The same principle has long been known and acted upon in the case of master and servant. I will appeal to my Noble and Learned Friend on the Woolsack, and to my Noble and Learned Friend near him (Lord Ellenborough) if they consider it in the least a new principle; or, if in administering the provisions of the Bill there would be any difficulty in making the application? One evil of many penal statutes is avoided—I have not resorted to informers; I have consigned the brute creation to the protection of the generous and the compassionate." His Lordship concluded, by assuring the House no difficulty would be found in executing the intention and principle of the Bill.

The Lord Chancellor rose, for the purpose of signifying, the Bill in its principle should have his support. There were some of its provisions which called for serious consideration, and would justly occupy the attention of the House, when they should go into a Committee.

The Bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed the second day after the recess. Adjourned.

MANNER OF HUNTING WHALES AMONG THE FERROE ISLANDS.

THESE whales, which are of a small species, come to Ferroe, in shoals from one hundred to a thousand—The word *whale* is an agreeable sound to the inhabitants of

of Ferroe; it is no sooner mentioned, than every face brightens up with joy, and they all seem to be animated with a desire of talking on so favourite a subject; but if a messenger suddenly arrives with intelligence, that a shoal of whales is actually approaching the islands, it operates like an electric shock, and the whole village, old and young, are instantly in motion.

When these shoals are discovered, a signal is suspended from the mast of the fishing boat, &c. in order that the other boats may assemble, to assist in drawing the whales towards the land. The whole being assembled, they form themselves into a semi-circle round the whales, and the fishermen drive them before them, by throwing out the stones fixed to their fishing lines. As soon as any of the villagers see the fishermen thus employed, the agreeable intelligence is echoed from one to another, messengers being dispatched in great haste, over the hills and vallies, for that purpose: then each man, furnished with a piece of bread and meat, stands ready to run to the spot pointed out. If the village lies on the side of a bay, a signal is made, either by three sheets spread out on the shore, or by a strong smoke produced by burnt hay. Thus, in a few hours, the men of several villages, and even of several islands, are collected.

The whales are in general extremely tame, and suffer themselves to be driven before the boats like a flock of sheep; when they are wild, and especially when the foremost whale has been near the land, they often turn about, dive under the boats, and attempt to put to sea again. The fishermen then turn them back, by beating and splashing in the water with their oars, or by throwing the stones fastened to the fishing lines. This occupation sometimes requires the toilsome labour of several nights and days, and the whales escape after all. When the shoal has been driven into a convenient creek, if it happens to be near night, the fishermen must remain quiet in their boats till morning; but if they have the day before them, and a sufficient number of people are assembled, then the attack begins, and affords a very singular and terrible spectacle to the by-standers. If time will admit, a fire is kindled on shore, to deceive the whales; for being always accustomed to follow the light of the moon, when appearing at a small distance from the horison on shore, the smoke of the fire conceals from them the land.

The boats being arranged in a semi-circular form, if the shoal is within two hundred fathoms of the shore, and the whales have turned their heads toward the land, (a position wished for by the fishermen) the men, provided with proper weapons, begin the slaughter, by rowing into the middle of the shoal, and darting their lances into the whales, behind the tail. They, however, avoid wounding those nearest the boats, as then they sometimes dash the boats to pieces, and hurt the men in them. The shoal, when many of them are thus wounded, move forward with prodigious force, carrying with them an immense body of water, and some run on shore; so that many of them, in consequence of the flux and reflux of the water, are left on dry land. The people then rush on them in a furious manner, and with their sharp knives cut them across the neck to the bone; this an

active

active man will do at two strokes: after that, the animal, by its tumbling, breaks its neck entirely.

The people drag the whales on shore, by thrusting their hands into the hole through which they breathe; but they carefully avoid touching the eyes, as the whales then become exceedingly restless, and with a stroke of their tail will do much mischief to the men who are dragging them.

The sea, in consequence of this slaughter, becomes as red as blood, and the whales which have not been wounded, remain in it, as it were, blinded or bewildered; and it is very singular, that when a whale which has not been wounded gets into clear water, it immediately returns to the bloody water, when it becomes a sacrifice to its mistake.

Other whales of a larger species are seen round these islands, and in some of the bays; but the inhabitants have not learnt the method of overcoming them.

EXTRACTS
FROM
"GRIEVING'S A FOLLY."
A new Comedy.

IN our Magazine for last month, we gave an account of the new comedy of "GRIEVING'S A FOLLY:" that account being general, with no particular description of character, our readers will not be displeased with an extract, in which there appears some portion of humour and originality. It describes a part performed by Mr. Bannister. The dialogue itself explains the character.

FIRST EXTRACT.

Enter CRAPE and Attendants, carrying Pall, Feathers, &c.

Crape.—Carry the things into the shop, let the pall and feathers be carefully wiped, and the cloaks brushed and laid away; I shall return directly. *(Exeunt attendants.)* Never got thro' a part with more *éclat* in my life; attendants punctual; order of procession well arranged; characters in right costume; mutes—tolerably perfect, one of them rather noisy, said more than was set down in his part, ought to be forfeited: Sir Oliver Cypress, a most affectionate husband—grudged no expense to bury his wife; ordered to carry in my bill directly; take care not to fail whilst the first emotions prevail,—they are always favourable to the undertaker,—and persons in the height of joy or sorrow, no matter which, seldom incline to a strict examination of items—(sees Capt. Cypress) some stranger eyes me very attentively. Who can he be? no matter—seems a young man of fashion—they lead very free lives; I'll scrape acquaintance with him—always have an eye to business, and, as the poet observes, "spare to speak and spare to speed they say," the way of the world. Sir, your servant; a fine morning; pleasant town this of ours, generally approved for the salubrity of its air, (*aside*) that's no recommendation to me; been to the funeral? a stranger, perhaps, didn't hear of it.

Capt. C.—A stranger? have you so soon forgotten your old acquaintance?

Crape (*aside*). — Old acquaintance! can it possibly be Captain Cypress, Sir Oliver's son, by his first wife, one of my very best friends, and the patron of my benefit at Blandford? 'tis certainly he, as

Lingo

Lingo says, *Exit homo.*—An agreeable surprise, my dear Captain, I rejoice to see you, beg pardon for my inadvertence; happy to serve you on all occasions; any thing at present wanted in my way, front row in the boxes, order for self and friend—pooh! I mean a funeral performed, all sorts of furniture made to the newest fashion, the stock of an eminent pawnbroker leaving off business, globes, scarfs, and hatbands, patent coffins, and a large assortment of hosiery.

Capt. C.—Why, what is all this; your appearance is indeed much changed; but what brings you to this country? is your company performing hereabouts?

Crape.—Company? Oh, dear, Sir, things are somewhat different with me than when you saw me last. I was then box-keeper, deputy manager, and principal tragedian, of the Blandford company; I am now upholsterer, appraiser, and undertaker, in this town, and am just returned from conveying the Right Honourable Lady Lucretia Cypress, your mother-in-law, to her last earthly habitation.

Capt. C.—Who, Lady Lucretia? dead! can it be possible?

Crape.—Fact, Sir, or I know my business much better than to have buried her.

Capt. C.—I am now in my way to Cypress Hall; my father's letters mentioned her indisposition, but never hinted it was of so alarming a nature.

Crape.—Why, I fancy, Sir Oliver was not at all alarmed; but he thought it would be prudent to call in three physicians, and when they arrived, he knew she was in very imminent danger.

Capt. C.—'Tis strange, so sudden too: when did her departure take place?

Crape.—On Monday se'nnight, the 27th ultimo, her Ladyship, as the poets say, made her exit.—Psha! curse the poets, they are always running so in my head: beg pardon for reverting to them on so solemn an occasion; I meant to say, she shuffled off this mortal coil.

Capt. C.—'Tis odd; nor is it the least part of my surprise to find you here, and in a situation so different. I thought you wedded to your profession; what induced you to quit it?

Crape.—Love, Captain, all powerful love; marriage, marriage, which most couples find the beginning of their tragedy, has put an end to mine.

Capt. C.—Indeed! O, I wish you joy: when did this happy change take place?

Crape.—Soon after your regiment quitted Blandford, we removed hither; company under my management, tolerably successful, audiences select and fashionable, barn sometimes overflowing; amongst others, attracted by our fame, (you remember my Hamlet, Romeo, Richard, and so on,) the widow Gloomly, the lovely relict of an upholsterer, to divert the effects of long grief and solitude, (her husband had been dead three weeks) generally attended our performance. Anxious to shew my respect for so distinguished a patroness, I always set her down for a front row; I was box-keeper; she doated upon tragedy; play'd all my tip tops, I was manager.

Capt. C.—I understand you, and these tip tops, your Hamlet, Romeo, Richard, were the attraction for the widow.

Crape.—Why to be sure, as the poet says, she was *not so blind as not discern a swan among the ravens*

ravens.—The *Stratagem*, at length, after some rehearsals, in which I flattered myself I had secured a front row in her affections, I ventured, Love my prompter, on a bold attempt; it proved successful, gained much applause from my fair auditor; I knelt, she sighed, I spake, she listened, I pressed, she gave consent; next morn I led her to the church, the priest performed his part, and then the drama finished, and the curtain dropped.

Capt. C.—Bravo, Kit—a very spirited performance indeed.

Crape.—Thus, Captain, my theatrical career ended, but my attachment to the drama will ever continue in its fullest force, and I assure you at this moment no sound could prove so grateful to my ears, as once more to hear the indulgent applause of a brilliant and overflowing house.

Capt. C.—And your new business, I hope it succeeds.

Crape.—Tolerably well now—to be sure on my first attempt, my *debût* as I may call it, I made a sad mistake.

Capt. C.—What was that?

Crape.—Why, the wife of a neighbour was to be buried, and whilst the ceremony was performing, and the husband, a poor weak man, rather vehement in his lamentations—I, whose theatric mind was wandering stage-struck, jumped into the grave, thinking it Ophelia's, and began shouting to the astonished husband—*what is he whose grief bears such an emphasis and phrase of sorrow. It is I, Hamlet, the Dane.*

Capt. C.—A mistake indeed! but as to the family matters, little Crapes sprouting up?

Crape.—Ah! Captain, there you have touched the tender chord—there, there—there alone I am unfortunate — Heaven has not yet smiled on our mutual endeavours—amidst a profusion of happiness, that blessing still withheld, as the poet says, "*makes me melancholy, dull, and heavy;*" *Love's Labour Lost.*

SECOND EXTRACT.

Joe.—Ah, Miss Ellen, our'n be queer goings on; hunters, gigs, and frenchified wines be rummish sort of things for farmers—and such fine company teaching master all sorts of abomination doings, and making a gentleman of him. O lord! O lord! that ever I should live to see my master a gentleman.

Ellen.—Yes, Joe—'tis there has been his error.

Joe.—Error! he never did so foolish a thing, since he hired me as bailiff, not but there may be now and then a difference, and in London, where your young Jemmies of fashion have fortunes ready to their hands, why making them gentlemen might be no such bad thing—but in the country, with poor farmers who have their livelihood to earn, 'tis downright ruination.

THIRD EXTRACT.

Ellen.—But let us hasten to him; by this time his day's sport is over, he is returned, and now, perhaps, he pines in secret o'er his sorrows. (*O'Harrolan heard singing at a distance*)

"Ah, at eight in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode to Kilruddery in search of a fox."

Ellen.—Sure 'tis his voice.

Joe.—'Tis, 'tis master—that be the way he generally do pine.

Enter

Enter O'HARROLAN, in a scarlet hunting coat, dirtied cap, whip, &c.

O'Harrolan.—(*Sings*)

"Then up came Dick Dawson, who cared not a pin;
He leap'd at a ditch, and all-fours tumbled in, tally-ho!"—

What, my darling Ellen, and is it your own sweet face I behold!

Joe.—Yes it be, and mine too; we comed over in gig, but 'twas all to please Miss Ellen; for my part, I'd at any time rather walk twice the distance than ride in one of them nasty things.

Ellen.—I hope, Sir, you are not angry with me.

O'Har.—Angry with you, my darling! when you know I'd rather hear your voice than the sweetest cry of hounds that ever opened; and is not a sight of your face more pleasing to my eyes than a gloomy morning in November?

Ellen.—But we were just returning, not expecting to see you: did any business bring you here, Sir?

O'Har.—Business! oh no! that's quite misbecoming a gentleman—'twas black Fireaway brought me, as tight a bit of blood as any measuring fifteen two, and one of the best foxes that ever stood a burst of forty-five minutes.

Ellen.—You have been enjoying, then, your favourite amusement?

O'Har.—You may say that—for what other can equal foxhunting? by my soul, your cudgelling and bull-baiting's all blarney to it; of a beautiful cloudy morning, the hounds dashing into cover, spreading like a sky-rocket, bless their sweet throats, they begin to chatter. Tally-ho! cry the sportsmen; hark forward, have at him, my good boys, halloos the huntsman; then I clap spurs in black Fireaway, and to be sure were not the tits to shew the way, and make the cockneys stare, hedge, ditch, or timber, over we go; all's one to Mr. Phelim O'Harrolan, and black Fireaway.

Joe.—Yes, and shew the way into the ditches, for your coat looks as tho' it had been there.

Ellen.—Oh, Sir, how you alarm me—I hope no accident.

O'Har.—Devil of any accident at all at all—Nothing but a tumble from my horse, what the young squire calls a bit of a somerset; he it was persuaded me to mount this neat piece of scarlet, and turn foxhunter.

Joe.—Yes, and a pretty turn you'll find it—every thing at the farm going to rack and manger, and you'll end without a sixpence.

O'Har.—End without a sixpence, shall I—well, that will be ending just as I began, so they can't say the family estate has been much injured in my hands.

Joe.—Yes it will, and we shall all be injured, and Miss Ellen and I shall be so melancholy—neglecting your business to run after men of fashion and puppy squires, and hounds, and sporting.

O'Har.—And how can hunting be neglecting business? don't I see all the ploughmen and the sowers, besides getting a complete notion of hedges and ditches. Then shooting, why it's killing two birds with one stone, for tho' I generally miss the partridges, I always frighten the crows, and that's doing great service to the new-sown wheats; sporting, indeed! why it's all in all in the country.

FOURTH EXTRACT.

O'Har.—And as this new line of mine don't seem likely to answer here, I cut.

Joe.—Cut?

O'Har.

O'Har.—Yes, and henceforward I'll be a farmer again.

Joe.—What a downright real earnest farmer?

O'Har.—Just so.

Joe.—And leave off all genteel tricks?

O'Har.—Yes, hunters, pointers, gigs, guns, and ponies, shall all go, and industry come in their stead; for I'll go to work again myself.

LORD PAGET AND LADY CHARLOTTE WELLESLEY.

IN our Magazine for March last, page 275, is an account of the elopement of these persons; in consequence of this unfortunate connection, Colonel Cadogan, the lady's brother, addressed the following letter to Lord Paget:—

Cook's Hotel, Dover-street, March 28, 1809.

My Lord—I hereby request you to name a time and place where I may meet you, to obtain satisfaction for the injury done myself and my whole family by your conduct to my sister.

I have to add, that the time must be as early as possible, and the place not in the immediate neighbourhood of London, as it is by concealment alone I am able to evade the police.

H. Cadogan.

LORD PAGET'S ANSWER.

March 30, 1809.

Sir—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst. I have nothing to say in justification of my conduct towards your sister, but that it has been produced by an attachment perfectly unconquerable. She has lost the world upon my account, and the only atonement I can make is to devote myself, not to her happiness, (which, with her feeling mind is, under the circumstances, impossible) but to endeavour by every means in my power, to alleviate her suffering; I feel, therefore, that my life is her's, not my own. It distresses me beyond all description to refuse you that satisfaction which I am most ready to admit you have a right to demand; but, upon the most mature reflection, I have determined upon the propriety of this line of conduct.

My cause is bad indeed; but my motive for acting thus is good; nor was I without hopes that you would have made all allowance for this my very particular situation, and thereby have largely added to the extreme kindness you have already shewn to your sister upon this afflicting occasion.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, Paget.

P. S. On referring to the date of your letter, it becomes necessary to assure you that I have only this moment received it.

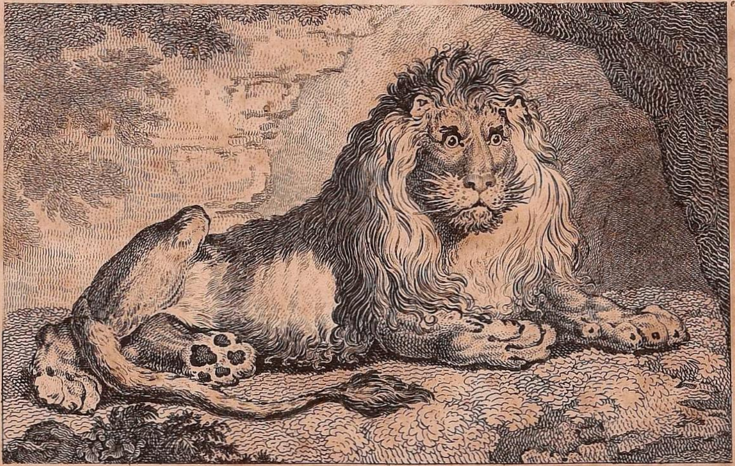
COL. CADOGAN TO H. SLOANE, ESQ.

(His intended Second.)

London, April 2, 1809.

My dear Sir—I have availed myself of the very first moment in my power to relieve you from the anxiety you have for some days been feeling on my account, by assuring you that all communication between Lord Paget and myself has ceased.

And in order that what has passed may not be misrepresented, I herewith inclose copies of the only letters that have been exchanged, and I have to request that you will shew



The Lion.

Published by J. Wheble, June 1. 1809. Warwick Square London.

shew them, together with this letter, to any of my friends, or of your own acquaintance, that might wish to read them.

When my sister, after a separation of a very few days, returned to Lord Paget, and when I was convinced by a variety of circumstances, that the fear of my resentment had no farther effect in deterring her from that connexion, I could no longer restrain the impulse of my feelings, and immediately demanded that satisfaction from Lord Paget, which the laws of my country do not afford, but which I had a right to ask, and he was equally bound to give me, for the injury he had done myself and my whole family. This satisfaction, however, Lord Paget thought proper to deny me, alledging, as his letter expressed it, "that his life is not his own, but my sister's;" and thus making the very injury for which I demanded satisfaction his excuse for not meeting me. It is not unknown to you, that I have, by concealment alone, been able for some time to evade the Police, who, having anticipated the step I was likely to take, are still continuing in pursuit of me. Under these circumstances, it would ill become me to apply to the conduct of Lord Paget the expressions that my feelings at this moment dictate; and I shall therefore leave it to you and others to determine whether the line he has thought proper to adopt on this occasion, is or is not the most honourable. I remain, my dear Sir, your's most sincerely,

W. Cadogan.

To H. Sloane, Esq.

After this correspondence, Lord Paget and Lady Charlotte retired to a village in Devonshire; but from which, on being discovered, they made a precipitate retreat.—Lord Paget talks of *devoting* himself to the Lady's *happiness*, and of her *feeling mind*; his Lordship's *devotion*, and the Lady's *feeling mind*, appear pretty much alike, or the one would not have withdrawn his *devotion* from an amiable wife and eight children, or the other, with her *feeling mind*, have forsaken an excellent husband and four lovely infants.

Mr. Henry Wellesley, conformably to the general practice, brought his action for *Crim. Con.* in the Court of King's Bench, against Lord Paget, who suffered judgment to go by default, thereby admitting the cause of action to be well founded, and that he had no defence to make. The next proceeding in such cases, is for the plaintiff to go before the Sheriff's Jury, to have the quantum of damages assessed; and this took place on Friday, the 12th instant, before Mr. Burchall, Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex. Mr. Garrow was the advocate for Mr. Wellesley, and Mr. Dallas was counsel for Lord Paget. The latter furnished some specimens of modern sophistry, but they told nothing in favour of his client, or of Lady Charlotte Wellesley. After Mr. Burchall had heard the counsel on each side, he made a few remarks, and then the Jury delivered a verdict of *Twenty Thousand Pounds Damages!*

THE LION.

(A slight Engraving to face this Page.)

THE Lion is found in all parts of Africa, and the hot parts of Asia, but abounds most in the torrid

torrid zone, where their size is the largest, and their rage most tremendous, being inflamed by the influence of a burning sun, on a dry soil. Accustomed to measure their strength with every animal they meet, the habit of conquering renders them intrepid and terrible. Feeling no apprehension from the power of man, they boldly face and hold him in defiance. Wounds enrage, without repressing their ardour! nor are they daunted even by the appearance of numbers; on the contrary, those who inhabit the peopled countries of Morocco, or India, having become acquainted with man, and experienced the superiority of his arms, lose their native courage to such a degree, that they may be scared away with a shout; even women and children have been found sufficient to protect their flocks and their herds against them. This alteration in the disposition of the lion not only proves that he may be tamed to a certain degree, but even admits a species of education.

Admitting the accounts we read in history to have been exaggerated, of lions being yoked to triumphal cars, led forth to the field of battle, or let loose to the chase, and that, faithful to their master, they never exerted their strength or courage but against his enemies—certain we are, that the lion, when taken young, and bred up with domestic animals, becomes familiar, and sports innocently with them; that he will even be caressing to his master, and should his natural ferocity return, seldom excites it against his benefactor.

Knowing his passions to be strong, and his appetites vehement, we ought not to presume that the impressions of education will overbalance them, and therefore it would be dangerous to suffer him to remain too long without food, or wantonly to persist in irritating or tormenting him. As he is not only enraged by bad treatment, but remembers it, and meditates revenge, in like manner he also remembers benefits, and endeavours to shew his gratitude for them.—To support these assertions, we might recapitulate a number of well-authenticated facts, sufficient to prove his anger is noble, his courage magnanimous, and his disposition grateful, and susceptible of impressions. The outward form of the lion speaks the superiority of his internal qualities. His muscular figure is striking and majestic, his piercing looks confident and bold, his actions stately, and his voice tremendous.

The largest lions are about eight or nine feet in length, and are between four and five feet high.—Their colour, in general, is yellow on the back, and whitish on the sides and belly. His flesh is of a strong and disagreeable flavour; yet the Indians frequently make it part of their food. His skin, formerly the tunic of horses, serves them for mantles, preserving the grease, which is of a penetrating quality, and is used in medicine.

He is often taken like wolves, by slightly covering a pit, and fastening a live animal thereon; when thus entrapped, all his fury subsides, and if advantage is taken of the first moments of surprise, he may be chained, and conducted without resistance.

However powerful this animal may be, it is not uncommon for large dogs, supported by horsemen, to chase, dislodge, and force him to retire; but it is necessary for both dogs and horses to have been well disciplined, as all animals tremble and fly at the very sight of him, the King of Beasts.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

THE Commissioners of Taxes at Kensington were lately completely foiled, by a lady who keeps a most respectable boarding-school at Colehern House, Earl's-court, who being surcharged for two dogs, appealed. She appeared before the Board, and upon being interrogated whether she did not keep a large yard-dog, replied in the affirmative. —" Then, (exclaimed the Collector) Ma'am, I have you; for I'll take my oath I saw a yellow and white spaniel at the window." —" True, (replied the lady) but the poor little fellow is only *stuffed*, and has been *dead* for two years!" —The auditors burst into a laughing *bow wow*, and the officious *puppy* of a Collector retired so discomfited, that he will not again *shew his teeth before he can bite!*

Punning Sermons.—During the government of Cromwell, one Slater, a broken apothecary, of Birmingham, got possession of the rectory of St. Martin's, in opposition to one Jennings, an iron-master, possessor of Aston furnace; one Smallbroke, a wealthy inhabitant; and Sir Thomas Holt, who wished for it.—In his first sermon he told his people, " The Lord had carried him through many troubles, for he passed like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, through the *fiery furnace*: and as the Lord had enabled the children of Israel to pass over the Red Sea, so he had assisted him in passing over the *small brooks*, and to overcome the strong *holts* of sin and satan.

A LUDICROUS circumstance occurred one night, not long since, at Broomhill, near Whalton, Nottingham: some villains attempted to rob the barn of Mr. John Pratt, of that place, but while they were breaking in, two chimney-sweepers, who were lodged there for the purpose of starting early in the morning with their work at the farmer's, were roused by the noise, and one of them calling out " I am coming," the depredators scampered off in great terror.

Singular Reading.—Joseph Scott, Esq. of Birmingham, who lived in 1751, is said to have read Bailey's Dictionary and the Common Prayer Book, methodically, twice a year.

The Vine, a Fable.—When Noah planted the first vine, and retired, Satan approached it, and said, I will nurture you, charming plant. He quickly fetched three animals, a sheep, a lion, and a hog, and killed them one after the other, near the vine. The virtue of the blood of these animals penetrated it, and is still manifest in its growth; when a man takes *one bottle of wine* he is then agreeable, gentle, and friendly—that is the nature of the lamb; when he drinks two, he is a lion, and says, who is like me? he then talks of stupendous things; when he drinks more, his senses forsake him, and at length he wallows in the mire—need it be said, that he then resembles the HOG?

THE manager of a company of wax-work figures at Guildford, having

having obtained permission of the Mayor to place one of the *female* performers on the leads of the market-house, as a lure, on the market-day; a farmer, who had just arrived in town, enquired of the landlord of a public-house for what offence the *good woman* was placed in that conspicuous situation? He was told that it was for having exposed butter for sale short of weight.—"By the *Leard* (says the farmer) perhaps my dame will be placed there too, for she is coming to market with butter."—With that he turned his horse and galloped back, and having met her, they both returned home, informing all their neighbours coming to Guildford, what they might expect if their butter was short of weight. Of course, the alarm spread, and the supply of the article was greatly deficient at market that day.

A FASHIONABLE Lady at Margate, having some difference with Mr. *Bog*, the Counsel, addressed an angry note to him, dated from *T—n—y House*; to which the witty Barrister returned an answer, and by way of retort, subscribed it as coming from *Bog-house!*

EPIGRAM,

By a Country Clergyman to a Lady, who had sent him her Compliments on the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear Lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere.
You send *Ten Hearts*; the *Tithe* is only mine;
Give me but *one*, and burn the other *nine*.

A STORY is at present in circulation, which contributes greatly to amuse the ladies and gentlemen of the *haut ton*. After the late investigation in the House of Commons, a certain Illustrious Personage was having a conversation with the lady under his protection, on the subject of withdrawing the bond by which she holds her annuity, and of allowing her the sum in another way; whereupon that lady tore off the bottom of a playbill, which happened to lie on her table, and presented it to her *cher ami*, who, on perusing the scrap, found it to contain the following laconic sentence—"No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up."

DURING the masquerade at the Pantheon, a person, who entered in the character of a *Barber*, was asked what was the reason that nature had not given beards to women? when the Tonsor replied, "Because they could never hold their tongues long enough to be shaved."

AT the same place, the gay and witty Lady Ann W. asked a person in the character of *Mad Tom*, what was the present state of the moon? when the character (happening to know her Ladyship, and to be acquainted with a late intrigue) replied, "She will fill her horns before your Ladyship has the pleasure to take another *goût* of *Tom's Sherry*."

MR. Stevenson, Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen about 60 years ago, when advanced in years, gradually lost that vigour which is necessary for the support of a public class, especially as the lectures were then delivered in Latin; his class accordingly was reduced to nine. One morning, before he entered the room, the ingenious students introduced a *jack-ass*, and placed its chin directly on the

the Professor's desk. The venerable Mr. Stevenson entered, with his usual gravity, stepped up to his chair, took his sight-invigorating spectacles from his pocket, and through these he descried *Balaam.* With that composure which distinguishes all philosophers, he arose, and addressed his attentive audience —" Gentlemen, I always thought I had but nine students—I am glad to see *ten* of you to-day."

THE *colouring* of a Bishop's Portrait in the present exhibition having rather a *yellowish* tint, a *connoisseur* compared it to *mustard.* " No wonder (retorted a wag), for you know the portrait is meant for the Bishop of DURHAM."

A SPLENDID *library* has for some years been considered as a necessary appendage to a splendid establishment, and when the owner is " done up," has this advantage over the rest of his furniture, that it is never found to be damaged by *use.*

A MISTAKE.—A few days ago, a farmer in the county of Cumberland, engaged a neighbour to plough him a field; and as the latter was supposed to be well acquainted with it, the farmer did not think it necessary to *shew* him the ground. It was, however, discovered at night, that he had made a very good *day's work* in a field not belonging to his employer, and which was not intended to be ploughed.

POLITICAL Sheepstealing!——The conversation at the Crown and Anchor dinner, on Tuesday, May 23, turning upon a " moderate reform," Major Cartwright, to explain the case before them, proceeded, in a most happy manner, to tell a very pleasant story, of a Sir John English, who having been called away to the wars, found, on his return to his hereditary estate, that out of 658 sheep which he had on his departure, they had all been stolen save 125 *(loud and continued approbation).* In making the natural inquiries after his property, he traced a great number of his stolen sheep to be in the unlawful possession of certain Noble Lords who lived contiguous; others, and no inconsiderable number, he found browsing on certain Royal parks, a soil with which it was his constant aim and object heretofore to keep them unacquainted. It so happened, that in both these receptacles of his stolen goods, he found that his sheep had received a new brand. With the Lords they were marked B. P. which was generally known to convey borough-monger and patron; in the royal demesnes it was P. P. which was understood to mean placeman and pensioner *(continued approbation).* The next step of this worthy and determined man was for justice, and he was answered with the effect of what was called moderate justice; in a word, he got 15 or 16 of his sheep back again. But he was not satisfied with what in his opinion was a violation of justice, and he wisely persevered to demand the restoration of the whole of the 658; contending, that the only temperate justice which he ought to evince, was to get back his sheep without hanging the sheepstealers *(great applause).*

EPIGRAM.

TWO jolly topers, SAM and HUGH,
By tippling lost their breath:
For having drank to all they knew,
At length they *drank to Death!*

New

New Method of destroying Bugs. —A person who kept a small circulating library in a market town, lately disposed of his stock by auction. As the articles were all of the *novel* kind, the *ladies* were the principal purchasers; and many of them were supposed to have got *cheap* bargains. But the sale was barely completed, when a report was spread, that the recent repository of these delectable volumes was swarming with *bugs!*—Many consultations were held on the subject; at length it was suggested, that the books might be cleared of the *vermin*, by *baking* them! The plan was adopted by several of the purchasers, and about forty of them were put into a well-heated oven; where, it seems, they had remained a *sufficient* time; for in attempting to *extract* them, they crumbled to ashes!—so that this *novel* operation not only effectually destroyed the *bugs*,—but the *books* also!—Some people are pleased to say that this extraordinary *batch* removed *two evils*.

MONTHLY Agricultural Report Extraordinary.—The check which the *inquiries* have received during the present month, has been very trifling; both the *inquiries* and *discoveries* exhibit a luxuriance of crop, such as the oldest farmers do not remember to have seen. *Writers* and *Cadets* look very promising, and a very wide field has been opened for other experiments on the same scale.

The cattle that have been reared on *cabbage* have not turned out so favourable; those particularly who have been for some time fattening upon *Dutch* cabbage, are now so sickly, that they are in danger of *disgorging* their favourite food.

The effects of the storms in February upon the *promotions* and *protections* are yet felt, and there will be no such crops as to render it necessary to employ *women* reapers, which has formerly been done. The *smut* has very generally prevailed in this article.

Many experienced agriculturalists have been lately grubbing up the *hypocrites*, a weed hitherto too much neglected. For this purpose they have chosen the *best grounds*, and discovered, that when these weeds are grubbed up, cut, sliced, and *exposed* for a few days, they make admirable *food* for *ridicule*.

CURIOUS EPITAPH,

In Prestbury Church-yard, Cheshire.

BENEATH this stone lies Edward Green,
Who for cutting stone, famous was seen;
But he was sent to apprehend
One Joseph Clerk, of Kerridge-End,
For stealing deer of 'Squire Downes,
Where he was shot, and died o' th' wounds."

IT was humourously observed, that when Lord Erskine lately mentioned the *Ass* in a speech which he lately delivered in the House of Lords, several of the members involuntarily *pricked up their ears!*

CURIOUS Notice.—" *March* 1, 1809. I do hereby give notice, that I, John Howley, and my wife, Peggy Howley, do agree to part, and *have no further call to each other.* Therefore I do hereby give notice, that I will not pay any debt or debts contracted by her from the above date. As witness our hands from the above day and date.

" JOHN HOWLEY.

" PEGGY HOWLEY.

" Present, Daniel Cronin—Robert Summers, 10, Charles-court, Strand."

NEW-

NEW-INVENTED PEDOMETER.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

A Good pedometer, that may be depended upon for accuracy of performance, will not inconvenience the wearer, and is not liable to be put out of order, appears to be a desideratum to various descriptions of persons, either as a matter of curiosity, or of real utility.

Many a sportsman, after having been out for hours in pursuit of game, would be highly gratified in knowing with accuracy, how much ground he had actually traversed.

To the scientific traveller it would often be an advantage, to know the distance from one place to another, where he cannot take an actual measurement, for want of time or proper instruments, and has no resource but a random guess, or the time he has spent on the road; which must necessarily be liable to much uncertainty, from difference of ground, and occasional delays.

Of the pleasantness and salubrity of the exercise of walking, there can be no question, and to all who are fond of it, a good pedometer is at least an agreeable companion; but to the valetudinarian it is more —it is an important monitor. Although this kind of exercise is extremely salutary, in nervous affections in particular, yet to convalescents it requires regulation, and must not, by any means, exceed due limits; these feelings, it may be said, can always be ascertained by the feelings of the patient, who may desist from walking the moment he begins to be sensible of fatigue: but this is not true, as I, a valetudinarian myself, have often found by experience. The most eligible place for taking the exercise of walking, at least in a medical view, is in the fields; but here the exhilirating effects of the air and situation entice the pedestrian on, till his return home is too much for his strength, and as no coach is at hand, he is more exhausted by fatigue than refreshed by exercise. Against this circumstance, the effects of which I have felt severely more than once, a good pedometer would be, perhaps, the most effectual guard.

I have been led, Sir, to these reflections, by the inspection of a pedometer invented by Mr. Gout, of Bunhill-row, Finsbury-square, for which that gentleman has a patent, and which has lately fallen in my way. As he has an exclusive right to it, a minute description of its mechanism would be superfluous; but it appears to me to be constructed on as simple and accurate principles as such an instrument will admit. It is about the size of a large pocket watch, or rather more than two inches in diameter only, worn like it, in a fob; and as there is no chain to affix it to any part, and a common watch is included in the same case, it answers the purpose of a watch, and is not the least additional incumbrance. Its mode of action is by a lever, of no great length, which is affixed to the ring of the pendent, and moves with the greatest ease every time a step is taken with the foot on that side on which it is worn. A circle on the dial plate notices every step as far as ten; another, every ten steps as far as a hundred; and a third notes every hundred steps as far as ten thousand. The wheel work is very simple, and so contrived, that the hands may be set with as little trouble as a watch is set to any given hour; so that when you have reached the end of your walk, or

are

are in any part of it, you can tell at once the number of paces you have gone, without the trouble of subtracting.

An objection has been made to pedometers, which militates equally against every contrivance of the sort, however perfect in its construction. This it is proper to notice, as it has had great weight with many to decline their use, though, in fact, it is of trifling import. It has been said a pedometer must be of no utility, because different people walk at different rates:—they do so; but the intention of the instrument is to measure distances, not directly, but indirectly, by the number of steps taken. Thus, one person may make a thousand and fifty paces in the distance of a mile, at his common rate of walking; another may make twelve hundred, and a third may not make above one thousand. This each must ascertain for himself, which, when once done, he will easily compute the distance walked, as the instrument registers with accuracy the number of paces taken. It has been further said, that no man walks at all times alike: this is in some respects true, particularly when a man is in company with others; but I believe it will be found to be the fact, that a man, from mere habit, will walk pretty nearly at an average rate, especially for any distance; and any one who wishes to measure ground with some nicety by the instrument, a little practice will enable to do so, with far greater accuracy than most people would suppose.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, TECHNOPHILOS.

TURKISH HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

NEAR the ruins of Ephesus, close by a hut, (says a late traveller in Turkey) we observed an old camel, who was passing the evening of her days in plenty and tranquility; for it is a humane principle among the Turks, "that an old servant ought never to be deserted, when age or sickness disables him from being any further useful." Here she lay, basking in the sun's rays, beside a plenteous fountain, or browsing in the verdant shade, as fancy or appetite dictated, while the children of the village, playing around her, are taught by parents, called savage, to be grateful for past services, and to respect and venerate old age.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT NEWMARKET,

By five-years old Mares, &c. 10st. each, over the Round Course.

Continued from Page 15.

(Those marked (§) were winners of Royal Plates at Black Hambleton, Yorkshire.)

MR. Duncombe's Red-Rose, by the Devonshire Blacklegs—beating Governor Hayes's Betty Dismal, Lord Portmore's Orea, Mr. Weaver's Red-Rose, Mr. Tuting's Milkmaid, and Lord Godolphin's Flirt.. 1750

Mr. Duncombe's Duchess, § by the Devonshire Blacklegs—beating Mr. Hale's Miss Doe, Mr. Weaver's Slamerkin, Mr. Arnull's Flirt, and Mr. Crofts's Smallhopes 1751

Sir

Sir William Middleton's Camilla, by a son of Bay Bolton—beating Sir Robert Eden's Miss Western, § Lord Gower's Little Witch, and Mr. Wrench's Favourite 1752
Mr. R. Vernon's Amelia, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. Shuttleworth's Miss Wilkinson, § Mr. Parker's Ladythigh, Mr. Warren's Whimsey, and three others.......... 1753
Mr. Fenwick's Duchess, § by Whitenose—beating Mr. Johnson's Black Nan, Lord Gower's Lucy, and Mr. Vernon's Amelia .. 1754
Sir Charles Sedley's Cadena, § by Cade—beating Mr. Foster's Cadelia, and Mr. Martindale's Sappho.................... 1755
Mr. Hutton's Stately, § by the Bolton Mogul—beating Mr. Burford's Louisa, Mr. Bowes's Miss Dixon, &c................ 1756
Mr. Robinson's Mary Tartar, § by Tartar—beating Lord Craven's Princess Amelia, Mr. Smith's Miss Modesty, Mr. Egerton's Rural Lass, and Mr. Swinburn's Mary Scott, who fell at starting 1757
Duke of Ancaster's Lottery, by Blank—beating Lord Rockingham's Lisette, § the Duke of Bridgewater's Miss Lister, and Mr. Martindale's Miss Layton.................................. 1758
Sir James Lowther's Sophia, by Blank—beating Lord A. Bertie's Sprightly, Mr. Mann's Belinda, Lady Northumberland's Irene, § and five others....................................... 1759
Duke of Devonshire's Fairy, by Mr. Shepherd's Crab—walked over 1760
Mr. Naylor's Sally, by Blank—beating Mr, Wentworth's Maria, § Lord Grosvenor's Graceful, &c. 1761
Mr. Pearson's Flashing Molly, by Oroonoko—beating Mr. Phipp's chesnut mare, by Blank; Mr. Duncombe's Ceres, § Mr. Dalton's Syren; Lord Eglintoun's Ghost, and Mr. Bladen's Essex Lady.. 1762
Lord Grosvenor's Alipes, § by Regulus—beating Mr. Haydon's bay mare, by Regulus.. 1763
Mr. Vever's Yorkshire Jenny, by Young Cade—beating Sir James Lowther's chesnut mare, by Janus, Mr. Marshall's Diana, Mr. Vernon's Hermione, Mr. Stanhope's Blackeyes alias Miss Cape, &c.. 1764
Mr. Vernon's Vigaro, by Mr. Panton's Arabian, 4 yrs old—beating Mr. Elliott's Imoinda, Mr. Stapleton's Carlton, § Mr. Conolly's Huncamunca, and Mr. Wentworth's Fortune, 4 yrs old.... 1765
Mr. Vernon's Vigaro, by Mr. Panton's Arabian—beating Mr. Strode's Leopardess, Mr. Scroope's Herminta, Mr. Watson's Illusive, Mr. Pratt's Apollonia, and Mr. Milward's Ladythigh........ 1766
Mr. Drax's Fatima, by Blank—beating Lord Farnham's Shadow, Mr. March's Messalina, Lord Ossory's Haras, Mr. Larkin's Little Dormouse, &c. 1767
Lord George Sutton's Fortune, § by Blank—beating Mr. Wildman's Susanna, Sir C. Bunbury's Tinetta, and Mr. Strode's Miranda 1768
Sir Lawrence Dundas's A-la-Greque, by Regulus—beating Mr. Adams's Columbine, and Mr. Sparrow's Juliet 1769

To be continued.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Soberton races took place on Soberton Downs, Hants, on Tuesday, the 2d instant, when the H. H. C. Cup, value 50gs. was run for, and won by Major Crawford's g. m. Lady Bull.

Major Crawford's g. m. Lady Bull	2	1	1
Capt. Clavering's r. g. Palafox	1	2	2
Col. Conway's bl. g. Snuff-the-Moon	3	3	3
Capt. Dillon's g. g. Maltravers	4	4	dr
Mr. Hater's b. g. Major	5	5	dr

Capt. Butler's b. m. Saragossa, Mr. Powlett's Mount Blanc, and Mr. Hale's b. g. Sublimate, were drawn.

A Cup, value 50gs. was on the same day given by Mr. Powlett, to the farmers residing in the district of that Gentleman's Hunt, which was won by Mr. Pittis's b. m.

Mr. Pittis's b. m.	1	3	1
Mr. Budd's b. m.	2	1	2
Mr. Fleet's b. m.	3	2	dr
Mr. Aylward's b. m.	4	4	dr
Mr. Bone's b. m.	dis		

A match also took place, between Mr. J. Steward's poney Black Dick, and Mr. Bone's g. m. Lass of the Mill, which was won by the former.

The company was very numerous and respectable, and the races were considered the best we have known for several years. The sport closed with a well-contested race between seven hacks.

Mr. Blanchard, of Gosport, having made a bet of 100gs. that his mare should trot from Gosport to three miles beyond Chichester, and back again, in six hours, being a distance of 60 miles, the attempt was made on Monday, the 8th; when, on the return of the poor animal, from excessive hard and inhuman riding, it dropped down at Fareham, and soon afterwards died!

Brighton, May 25.—A match against time having been proposed and accepted, between Mr. Webster and Sir Balingham Graham, both of the 10th Light Dragoons, for a few cool hundreds, the same has been decided this day. The match on the part of Mr. Webster was, that he rode one of his spirited phaeton blood horses from this place to Westminster-bridge, in the short space of time of three hours and a half. Sir G. B. of course wagered against the performance of such a task. Mr. Webster, therefore, from the house of the Baronet, in Gloucester-place, started for the heat this morning, as early as four o'clock. Sir B. G. and two or three other gentlemen, who had relays of horses ready for them on the road, accompanied him, the odds, as well they might, being much against him. By the coaches which have since returned from London, it appears, however, that Mr. Webster is the winner; that he accomplished his task in three hours and twenty-two minutes; and that his admirable blood appeared but little distressed on the occasion. The first eighteen miles were conquered in an hour.

ABOUT

About the middle of this month, a very valuable horse, the property of the Rev. Mr. Curtois, of Branston, near Lincoln, was clandestinely ridden during the night by one of his servants, who, that his offence might not be detected by his master, harnessed the poor beast to the plough in the morning, and continued to work it, without giving it any rest or sustenance, until it fell from exhaustion, and died!

Sir S. Sitwell's Spaniard, own brother to Julietta, by Young Drone, is sold to Lord Kinnaird, for 1000 guineas.

Sporting Characters deceased.—On Wednesday morning, the 17th, died, R. Allan, Esq.: he was one of the earliest and most expert of our charioteers: he caught a cold, by sleeping in a damp bed at Epsom Races on the Friday preceding.—The same day died, at his seat at Cams, near Fareham, John Delmè, Esq. He has left a large family, by his lady, daughter of George Garnier, Esq. of Wickham, Hants.

On Friday, the 5th instant, Lord Dursley gave a dinner, at Frogmill, to between thirty and forty poor labourers, who had been engaged by him in stopping the different earths, during the time his Lordship's hounds had been hunting in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham.

One evening, last month, the master of an English vessel, lying in Wexford harbour, was alarmed in the middle of the night by a noise on deck; thinking it proceeded from some person wanting to rob the vessel, he called up the hands, and, after a strict search, they discovered a fox hid under some of the sails in the forecastle. Handspikes, marlinspikes, oyster-baskets, &c. were instantly put in requisition; but every attempt to take poor reynard, dead or alive, proved fruitless. After a chase of twenty minutes, through different parts of the ship, finding himself hard pressed, he jumped overboard, and swam for the shore (pursued by the sailors in a small boat), where he arrived in safety, and running up Newquay-lane, his pursuers soon lost sight of him.—Sportsmen are at a loss to account for the manner in which the fox got on board, as the vessel was upwards of four hundred yards from the quay.

A singular circumstance occurred in a tradesman's family at Norwich, a short time since.—Three very young squirrels were carried home by a little boy, from a country excursion; they had not been in the house five minutes, before they observed the cat, which had lately lost her kittens, was paying particular attention to the squirrels, and actually enticed them to suck, and which they regularly continue to the present time: they grow exceedingly fast, and are very tame.

A curious circumstance occurred lately:—A lad observed a hawk flying with something in his claws, which he thought had the appearance of a woodcock, and communicated the same to Mr. Richard Larkin, of Badsell, in Tudely, who immediately repaired to an adjoining wood, called Foble's, with an aged pointer bitch, which soon made a stand, but on Mr. L. repairing to the spot, nothing rose; in a short time he discovered a bird sitting, and put his hand upon it—this verified the words of the boy, as it proved to be a young woodcock, two thirds grown. The bitch

bitch afterwards made two other stands, and two more birds were also taken up by Mr. L. who for several days preserved them, with an intent, if possible, to bring them up, but without success. Several gentlemen in the neighbourhood having viewed the birds, concluded it necessary that this should be made public, for the information of naturalists, as the woodcock has always been considered a bird of passage. The nest in which these young birds were hatched was afterwards found by Mr. L. and is chiefly made of old leaves.

A poor woman, at Hoxford-bridge, near Morpeth, was lately put in terrible consternation, by the appearance of an otter deliberately walking across the floor.—Never having seen one before, she gave repeated screams, on which a female neighbour came to her assistance. When this amazon saw the object of her terror, she seized a spade, and dispatched it; she then looked under the bed whence it had issued, and discovered another of the same species, which she also killed. It is supposed they had entered the house the preceding evening, as the door had been standing open for some time.

On the 28th ult. at night, a dog entered the sheep-fold of Mr. Taylor, of Gazeley, Cambridgeshire, and killed five sheep, and wounded a number more. The same night, the fold of Mr. Joseph Arthy, of Dalham, was entered, supposed by the same dog, and one sheep killed, and more wounded; and on the night of the 30th, Mr. Taylor's fold was again attacked, when five were killed, and more than twenty so dangerously wounded, that many of them are not likely to recover.

In the Court of King's Bench, the 17th instant, an action was tried (Goode *v.* Hill) between two horse-dealers. The defendant had sold the plaintiff a cart-horse at Croydon Fair, which, after some days, fell off his feed, and died of a consumption. The plaintiff said he had only a grass cold. This action was brought upon the warranty. The witnesses for the plaintiff said, that the horse was ill at the time it was sold. But it appeared, that he had been ridden about the fair, and went home very well on the same evening, and ate very heartily, and was well for some days. The plaintiff's witnesses also prevaricated a good deal, as to the use that had been made of the horse after the sale, and one of them, who was a sort of partner with the defendant, admitted that the plaintiff had always kept very faithfully to his warranties. The plaintiff had also made a different representation in a letter to the defendant, of a material fact, and upon the whole of the evidence, Lord Ellenborough being of opinion with the defendant, the plaintiff was nonsuited by consent.

In the Palace-Court, this month, a cause respecting a horse was tried, in which one dealer swore, he was a bay gelding, and though blind, was worth ten guineas, while another swore he was black, and not worth ten shillings—the plaintiff, however, had an acknowledgment of the debt, and thereby obtained a verdict.

Pedestrianism.—Mr. Downes, the celebrated walker, undertook, for a wager of 100 guineas, to do a task never before attempted by modern pedestrians, that of going thirty miles in three hours and a quarter. He started in the morning,

ing, at five o'clock, on the 11th instant, at Turnham Green, and went to Yately, a few miles from Hartford Bridge. It was Mr. Downes's first failure, and it was evident he had overmatched himself at the end of twenty miles; which he did in two hours and forty minutes, but he was so beat, that he was unable to perform the last six miles.

A FOOT-RACE of one mile was run on Tuesday, the 2d instant, in Bayswater fields, between Captain Dacre and Mr. Dawes, for a wager of twenty guineas, and an extra twenty that the Captain did not perform the distance in five minutes. The runners started at the fire of a pistol, and it was a fine race, the parties having run together until within a hundred yards of the distance, when the Captain made a push, and won by about two lengths, the performance having occupied four minutes and fifty-six seconds. The Captain has backed himself to do two miles in ten minutes, at three starts.

A RACE, for two guineas, took place last month, between a potter and a butcher, in the area of York Castle-yard: the money was won by the former, who ran 400 yards in one minute. This surpasses the pedestrian feat of Wood, the Lancashire runner, who performed 440 yards in fifty-six seconds.

ON Wednesday morning, the 24th instant, between three and four o'clock, a pedestrian feat was performed on the race-course near Stamford, upon the issue of which many bets were depending. Mr. John Lowe, for a wager of five guineas, undertook to run three times round the course, (equal to a distance of four miles and a furlong) in half an hour. He won easily—performing the task three minutes and a half within the given time.

LAST month, a person, named Thomas Swaine, upwards of fifty years old, employed at Belvoir Castle, for a small wager, carried, with great ease, a load weighing 20st. the distance of a mile in 20 minutes.

CRICKET.—A grand match was played this month in Lord's ground, between ten of the Mary-le-bone Club, and J. Hampton, against nine of the Rickmansworth, with J. Wells and Lambert, for 500 guineas a side, which was decided in favour of the former, by one wicket.

PUGILISM.—A renewal of the match betwixt Dutch Sam, the celebrated pugilist, and Medley, has taken place. A hundred guineas aside have been staked, and the battle will take place next month. Sam is the favourite, although he is over matched by twenty pounds.

ON Wednesday, the 10th, a boxing match took place on the Race Course at Goodwood, which was stubbornly contested, for an hour and twenty-five minutes, by two men named Burt and Pullen; at the end of which period, and after as complete a *hiding* as the greatest glutton in England would wish to take, Burt was constrained to yield the palm to Pullen. The victor is a gentleman's servant, and the other the son of a publican, both belonging to Chichester.

GREGSON has commenced publican in Holborn, and declares that he has wholly relinquished prize-fighting.

SPARRING.—At the Fives-court, in St. Martin's-street, on Wednesday, the 10th instant, there was an exhibition of sparring, for the benefit of Mendoza and Lee: the

 company

company was rather select than numerous. The chief attraction was that of an announcement by Mendoza, of giving imitations of six boxers of the old school; viz. Big Ben, Johnson, Perrings, George the Brewer, Humphries, and W. Ward.—— Mendoza's imitations seemed to satisfy the nine-tenths of the company who had not seen these men exhibit; but some of his specimens were truly ridiculous, and that of W. Ward, was altogether as disgusting to the friends of that renowned boxer.—The other setting-to, (with the exception of Jem Belcher, Owen, and Dutch Sam) was betwixt persons of no note, and altogether tedious. An amateur (Mr. Ayres, jun.) gave some proofs of pugilistic excellence in sparring with Blake.—An apology was made for Lee's absence, and neither of the three first professors, Gully, Crib, or young Belcher, exhibited.

Hydrophobia.—The following is extracted from Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia:—"We know of no instance of the complaint (canine madness) being *cured*, nor have we, in any instance, even attempted any thing of the kind; but we flatter ourselves, that we have been successful in bringing forward a *preventive*. We claim not the discovery of this most valuable and truly important remedy; we only, by exertion, rescued it from oblivion, and by a long course of well-conducted experiments, have established the certainty of its efficacy, that of more than ninety animals, as horses, sheep, swine, and dogs, one only has gone mad, to whom this remedy was administered, and this failure did not occur under our own immediate inspection, so that it might have been wasted or brought up. This remedy, as prepared by us, is as follows:—Take of the fresh leaves of the box tree, two ounces; of the fresh leaves of rue, two ounces; of sage, half an ounce; chop these fine, and boil in a pint of water to half a pint; strain carefully and press out the liquor very firmly; put back the ingredients into a pint of milk, and boil again to half a pint; strain as before; mix both liquors, which form three doses for a human subject. Double this quantity is proper for a cow or horse; two thirds for a large dog, half for a middle sized, and one-third for a small dog. Three doses are sufficient, given each subsequent morning, fasting; the quantity directed, being that which forms these doses. As it sometimes produces strong effects on dogs, it may be proper to begin with a small dose, increasing it till the effects are evident, by the sickness, panting, and uneasiness of the dog. In the human subject, where this remedy appears equally efficacious, we have never witnessed any unpleasant effects. About forty human persons have taken this remedy, and in every instance it has succeeded, equally as with animals. That this remedy, therefore, has a preventive quality, is unquestionable, and now perfectly established; for there was not the smallest doubt of the animals either having been bitten, or of the dog being mad which bit them, as great pains were, in every instance, taken to ascertain these points."

The writer of the above article in Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, has attentively observed, during its whole progress, above two hundred cases of canine madness, and has dissected near one hundred bodies of dogs, which died of the malady.

POETRY

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

For the Sporting Magazine.

THE COTTAGER's TALE.

THE sky is clear, and warm the day:
Along this lane I'll take my way,
Where hazles form an arch of green,
And, pendant, clust'ring nuts are seen:
Embosom'd in the bank below,
The Spring's first violets breathe and blow,
Or round loose roots, on mossy mould,
The vernal primroses unfold.
Fresh from the slope, behind the fence,
The garden's fragrance greets the sense.
Thro' the slight hatch my eyes explore
The tiny track to yonder door,
Border'd with flow'rs of ev'ry hue,
That scent the gale, and drink the dew.
O! I admire that cot so neat,
Above ambition's proudest seat:
There the trim roof, in ev'ry part,
Displays the thatcher's humble art;
Around the lowly windows twine
The honeysuckle and the vine;
Beneath the sheltering eves, secure,
The martin's mud-built domes endure,
From year to year, and long shall stand,
Untouch'd by sacrilegious hand:
From annual pilgrimages come,
Each season here they find a home,
And with a fond parental care,
Their num'rous progeny they rear,
That still a constant clamour keep,
And from their nursery-window peep.
Here, too, the circling swallows stop,
And twitter in the chimney top;
Finch, linnet, robin, gay and free—
Make vocal ev'ry apple-tree;
And there, with thickest leaves o'erhung,
They build their nests, and tend their young.

But now a ruder music hear!
The clanging brass salutes the ear,
With sounds that charm the swarming bees,
To settle on the neighb'ring trees:
And see the dame their flight pursue,
With anxious eyes, and caution due;
Till, stooping from their circling height,
On one selected bough they light,
And in a living cluster press'd,
Their humming wings are hush'd to rest.

Visitor.

Good morrow, Dame!—you've luck to-day,
That will your trouble well repay:
Your hives increase——your treasures swell;
Hence, I presume, you manage well.

Dame.

I do my best: the consequence
I always leave to Providence;
Assur'd, that he who casts his eye
On the young ravens when they cry,
The father, friend, and God of all,
Will not forsake me when I call.

Visitor.

True, Goody! but, amid their bliss,
Your great-ones seldom think of this.

Dame.

O! I could such a tale unfold,
As seldom has been heard or told.
But, sit you down beneath this tree,
For company I seldom see—
Save once a year, when fair-folks come,
In many a jovial troop, from home.—
Although (you'll blame me not for that)
I love a little harmless chat,
For with old age is still combin'd
This common failing of our kind.

Visitor.

Then, while your swarm is settling near,
I fain your honest tale would hear;
'Twill heart-perplexing thoughts allay,
And pass a vacant hour away.

Dame.

Why, of the world, and how things go,
Believe me, little do I know;

But

But then, 'tis pleasant to retrace
Events that formerly took place:
To speak of happiness gone by,
And drop a tear, and heave a sigh.
Here forty years, from first to last,
Of pensive widowhood I've past,
And still on God have I relied,
And still my wants have been supplied.

Visitor.

Is, then, this cottage, Dame, your own;
And do you here reside alone?

Dame.

This humble cottage is my own,
And here, content, I live alone;
In summer's garden toils I find
Amusement for the hands and mind.
When winter's nipping cold sets in,
I stir my fire, and knit or spin;
And when a cloud of trouble rolls,
My Bible still my heart consoles.

Before me here my parents liv'd,
And here my breath I first receiv'd;
The land is our's: and thus, you see,
It came into the family:—

My Grandmother, a widow left,
Of every earthly hope bereft,
With two small children, strove in vain
A scanty maintenance to gain.
Now see that elm on yonder hill!
It stood there then—it stands there still,
Beneath that tree, which shades the steep,
She laid her younger babe to sleep,
While gleaning o'er the stubble ground,
She rang'd the harvest fields around.
Dry sheaves compos'd the infant's bed,
And sheaves, erected, screen'd its head;
There poppies, straw, and corn-flowers gay,
Amus'd the trifler as he lay,
'Till, as he smil'd, and toy'd, and wept,
Sweet slumbers o'er his eyelids crept.
—I tell the tale, and what befel,
Just as my mother us'd to tell—
Ere long the distant wood resounds
With music of the opening hounds;
And there the horn's shrill notes delay,
'Till, in the wind they die away.
As round and round, for many a mile,
Poor puss exerted every wile,
Through furze, and brake, o'er down and dale,
As swift as flies the morning gale,
At length, o'er yonder hills so high,
Burst all the harriers in full cry;
Dogs, horsemen, followers, line the steep,
And through the rushing stubble sweep:
The harvest hinds from labour pause,
And in rude rapture, shout applause.

The mother saw, with terror wild,
The danger of her darling child:
When near its bed the hunter drew,
As swiftly to the place she flew;
But ere she reach'd the spot, she found
Dogs, horses, men, had clos'd it round.
Loud was the clamour, rude the yell—
Alas! her feelings who can tell!—
The hounds were bath'd in sweat and gore,
And still their reeking prey they tore,
Half seen amid the savage throng,
Regardless of the lashing thong.
Then fancy painted to her eyes
Her babe—a helpless sacrifice!
She wrung her hands in anguish wild,
And cried aloud——"My child! my child!"
No more she knew—no more could say,
But swoon'd, and sunk, and senseless lay.
The hare was dead—her dirge they blew,
And held her, bleeding, up to view;
The babe, though rous'd, lay safe the while,
And heard the tumult with a smile,
Rais'd both its hands, its friends to greet,
And sprang, and stretch'd its little feet.

The frantic mother, soon restor'd,
Aloud her fancied loss deplor'd;
Nor could they check her anguish wild,
But still she rav'd—"My child! my child!"

With much ado, and patience tried,
Her mind, at length, they pacified,
Convinc'd her that in vain she griev'd,
And that her much-lov'd babe still liv'd.

The 'Squire, the best of men! was there,
Who heard her tale, and sooth'd her care;
And then his Honour did engage
To shield from want her widow'd age.
Nor was the promise idle found,
For this same cot, and garden-ground,
As far as yonder winding road,
He on her family bestow'd;
Good learning to her children gave,
And smooth'd her passage to the grave.
My father next—the same you see,
Whose life was spar'd beneath that tree—
This humble mansion occupied,
And here he liv'd, and here he died.
Here was I born; and since that day,
Have eighty summers roll'd away;
But now my race is almost run,

And

And fast descends my ev'ning sun,
Yet, when my view I backward cast,
Recounting all the mercies past,
How can my heart indulge a care,
Or yield one moment to despair.

G. T.

ON SEEING A DEAD POST HORSE.

ALAS! poor horse, thy race is run,
Thy day of trial now is done,
Thy sorrows all are past;
Nor heed thee now the sultry day,
The dusty high roads parch'd away,
Nor yet the wintry blast.

Where are those friends that oft, of old,
Have prais'd thy breed, thy actions told,
And held thee up to fame!
And hast thou liv'd, then, thus to prove
Their wish was interest, not love,
They were but friends in name?

Full many a morn's deceitful sky,
Laughs with the voice of harmony,
From all the feather'd throng;
'Till, bursting forth impetuous, round
Rages the storm with hollow sound,
And devastation strong.

'Tis thus the world's deceitful smile
Marks out its victims, and beguiles
The fav'rite of an hour;
'Tis wounded thus some guileless heart,
By some unknown unheeded dart,
When sad misfortunes lour.

THE COOK AND THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR.

A Fact.

A Cantab once had fame in College,
For being a *good fellow*;
He mix'd *good living* with his knowledge,
And sometimes, too, got mellow.

Some hinted that our spark was wild,
Yet he car'd not who said it,
But oft *gave treats*,—good roast and boil'd—
For which the cook *gave*—credit.

At length vacation-time was come,
A time replete with pleasure,
At least to those who've *means* to roam,
By scholars thought a treasure,

Our hero, who, at dinner-time
Ne'er fail'd to shew his learning,
And who in picking out the prime
Was ever deem'd discerning,

Now thought of taking home a trip
To touch old dad for money,
To pay the cook, and Taylor Snip,
Who else would not look funny.

Just as he left his chamber door,
The cook appear'd before him,
And there made bold to shew his score,
And thus with speech to *bore* him:—

" Good Sir, when you return again,
If cash is not forthcoming,
You'll wish a greasy chin in vain,
For I don't much like summing.

" In short, Sir, hear what now I say—
I once for all remind you,
Bring *money*, my account to pay,
Or leave your mouth behind you!"

May 5, 1809. J. M. L.

EPILOGUE,

To the new Comedy of " Grieving's a Folly;"

Written by Thomas Dibdin, Esq; spoken by Mr. Bannister.

FOR pupularity, the bright reward
Of statesman, warrior, actor, and of bard,
What various plans, each varying in its mode,
Are tried, and yet how few attain the road?—
We humble candidates for *scenic* fame,
To please you, change voice, habit, face, and name;
I've been a Jew, a Fop, a King, a Quaker—
A Duke, a Dutchman, and an Undertaker—
When least in spirits have laughed loudest here,
Or when most glad, have seem'd to shed a tear;
Tried all dramatic tricks to cheat your senses,
And win your favor; under *false pretences*.
I have been murder'd, married, kick'd, caress'd—
Beat, pigeon'd, pitied, poison'd—" *all in jest.*"

Been

Been deeply plung'd in many a harmless plot,
Yet all where nothing *is*—" *but what is not.*"
In Tragedy we feel a strange delight
To make you miserable all the night—
What joy triumphant round that actor spreads—
" Who sends his hearers weeping to their beds,"
While we, who try your laughter to provoke,
Find nought so serious as a well turn'd joke.—
Since then we thrive when fact is only fiction,
And all coincidence is contradiction,
An author hopes, that on this very ground,
A verdict of acquittal may be found,
For would you only *blame* each *lucky* hit,
And kindly let his errors pass for wit,
Then might he cry, " *courage, there's life in't yet;*"
" And this our sun will make a golden set."
Critics, would you the bard from danger save,
" Be dumb for ever—silent as the grave;
Or if the dear, " birth-strangled babe" must die,
Why who so fit to bury him as I?
Then at his fate, lest wicked wags should laugh,
I'll write him, if you please, this epitaph—
" Here rests a trembling muse's first essay,
" At what is quaintly called a modern play,"
" Born April 21—at half past six—"
But when it died I'd better not affix—
Unless you'll let me say—" it grac'd life's stage,
Till it attain'd a comfortable age:
Burnt out before 'twas born, with caution rear'd,
And by indulgent patrons seen and heard."
For more particulars enquire of me,
Actor and Undertaker both—I. B.

SUNDAY JAUNTS.

FORTH from their haunts, array'd in Sunday-dress,
Through ev'ry avenue the thousands press;
Some, in equestrian pomp, bestride the backs
Of broken-knee'd or broken-winded hacks;
While through each turnpike a long train departs
Of coaches, gigs, and curricles and carts;
Where closely wedg'd, and jostling side by side,
The swelt'ring gentry take their Sunday ride,
Impatient longing for the cheap regale
Of village beef and pudding, punch and ale;
Where round the common table strangers join,
Once in a week like gentlefolks to dine.
Thither, a few short miles impell'd along,
By many a fretful stamp and lashing thong,
With feeble steps the jaded cattle creep,
And their sad day of rest in labour keep.

Some poor pedestrians, whose means refuse
All ways of riding, but upon their shoes;
Still on the public roads in throngs repair
To see the world, and breathe the country air.
Through clouds of dust, with weary steps and slow,
They pant to Hackney, Islington, or Bow;
And all around, where but a nook is seen
That poplars flourish in, or grass looks green,
There thirsty crowds the bustling alehouse fill,
Quaff porter vile, or spirits viler still;
Then staggering home to sleep, they stupid wake
To keep Saint Monday for Saint Monday's sake.

Thus swarms of flies on tubs of treacle meet,
Stick to the cask, and perish in the sweet.

EPITAPH UPON AN AUCTIONEER.

HERE lies the remnant of old puff!
A wight of more than modern stuff?
Who Sampson-like, true heart of oak,
Could *knock down houses* at a stroke—
But Death at last in jeering scoff,
With his fell hammer struck him off.